

PS

2377

, M3



I have been thinking of writing to
you for some time, but have been
so busy that I could not find time
to do so. I am now in the
same way as you are, and
am very busy.

Respectfully,

Chas. M.

1-8. 67

AMERICAN MINSTREL

CONSISTING OF

Poetical Essays

on various subjects.

By Chas. Meade.



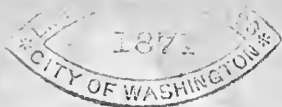
PHILADELPHIA.

Published by J. Mortimer No. 74 S. 2nd. St.

1828

PS 2377

M 3



1022

92

AMERICAN MINSTREL.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:



BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirtieth day of June, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, CHARLES MEAD, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:—

“AMERICAN MINSTREL; consisting of Poetical Essays on various subjects. By CHAS. MEAD.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, “An act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned”—And also to the Act, entitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

*Recd at Dep^t of
State 19 Sep^r 1828.*

INTRODUCTION.

WITH the same deference that I always feel towards a respected and long tried friend, I now offer to the public a volume of Poetical Essays; the fruits of my less profitable, but more pleasing hours, spent in the fields of imagination. In laying this work before the eyes of a scrutinizing community, it is not to be supposed that I should feel a total indifference in regard to its reception. My anxiety, however, neither arises from the fear of pedantic declaimers, nor from the hope that candour and intelligence will forbear to give it that censure which it may be found to deserve. Candid and judicious censure belongs to the province of criticism; and every writer should bow with passive obedience to its decisions. But while ever ready to yield to the opinions of those who are duly qualified to exercise, with justice and impartiality, the duties of literary censors, I shall consider the illiberal denunciations of those who are influenced either by a groveling prejudice,

or a personal hostility, as so many flattering indications of the success of my humble endeavours to gratify the public.

During a series of prosperous years since our national existence, the tyranny of those whose predilections are wholly confined to European literature, has been gradually loosing its influence; and every American now feel his heart warmed with thrilling emotions of honest pride, as he contemplates the rising importance of his own country. The period has at length arrived when our literary as well as political independence is so far established, that poetry is not to be rejected solely from its being American. And while we cherish a lasting regard for the land of our fathers, and admire its scientific and literary elevation, we are not disposed, in all cases, to look beyond the Atlantic for the most salutary food for the American mind. The clouds of political and literary *orthodoxy* are giving way to the sunshine of reason; and an intelligent public is no longer allured by the fallacious arguments and idle declamations of those who have paid their homage at the feet of regal power, and afterwards established themselves in this country as the models of perfection in regard to literary taste.

Such have been the illiberal and selfish principles of some of our editorial gentlemen, as to exercise a hostile disposition towards every author who, either in politics or religion, has advanced sentiments not congenial with their own. But our country at this time contains a large portion of inhabitants whose minds are too expansive to be confined within the narrow limits of party proscription or sectarian creeds. Opponents may, however, be expected by every author whose productions are so fortunate as to meet with a share of public approbation. There are many whose intellectual powers are of an inferior order, who are the most eager to appear as combatants with those who may presume to enter the fields which their own idle dreams of superiority have appropriated exclusively to themselves. While others whose minds are artificially filled with the literature of antiquity, and who consider a course of collegiate studies as the only legitimate passport to public favour;—proud of receiving the smiles and patronage of those whom wealth and ignorance have rendered conspicuous, they boldly assume to themselves a kind of despotic power in the republic of letters. Though but the mere creatures of arrogance and vanity, they com-

mence offensive warfare, and deal out their denunciations against others with as much confidence as if they could wield the club of Hercules, or make the lightning of Jupiter subservient to their purposes.

Like reptiles croaking round the stagnant pools,
Conceited blockheads and aspiring fools,
With silly cants and with disorder'd eyes,
Strain their thick skulls and vainly criticise;
And censure those who deprecate the praise,
Of scribbling coxcombs or pedantic lays.
There's many a dunce who writes a page or two,
Can call his trash a regular review,
And gain applause in all his promenades,
With unfledg'd bards, and gossiping old maids.

There's modern *Sisyphus*, a noisy calf,
Who builds stupendous monuments of chaff
Without one grain of sense in all his stuff,
He long has labour'd, and we've heard him puff.
The trash brought forward by this modest elf,
Remains now mould'ring on the dusty shelf;
His hermit is his cell, securely guards
From public view his book on native Bards,
And, no one now can be induced to call
And see the products of a crazy WAL-*n*.

Sir Robert Walsh who most demurely looks,
With paste and scissors manufactures books;
And vainly strives a censor's chair to grace,
Though Nature meant him for some other place.

But may kind Heaven its genial influence shed,
And turn to gold his British crown of lead ;
Nor let the little jesuit be seen,
Monarch of caprice, arrogance, and spleen.

Proud of the dirt receiv'd from feet of Kings,
Great Everret soars on egotism's wings :
He thinks all native works deserving death,
And breathes on all his pestilential breath.
His classic whims have furnish'd many an odd dish,
Of Yankee notions, politics, and codfish.

A famous writer oft to show his skill,
Gave to the west the labour of his quill ;
'Tis lawyer Hunt whose talents far surpass,
In the Belles Lettres those of Balaam's ass,
And those who read the Lexington Review,
May find the declaration just and true.

Liquid extracts no longer now inspire
The Boston Bard with alcoholic fire.
But still we hear a frantic muse reveal,
The incoherent rantings of John Neal ;
And fruits of most pedantic pride are found
In a Fairfield, where useless weeds abound.

Some shining prospects move each plodding wight,
To praise himself, to criticise, and write.
Some deal in books with sanctimonious airs,
And count their cash by artificial pray'rs,
And retail slander from a wholesale store,
And only foster sacerdotal lore.

But let my muse in higher strains aspire,
O'er low contention and o'er self desire,

Yet still presume to offer notes of praise,
To those who sound with skill poetic lays :
For lo ! Apollo from Parnassus' crest,
Salutes the rising genius of the west ;
And bids the springs of fair Pierus pour,
Their sparkling streams upon Columbia's shore.
Woodworth and Percival now sound the lyre,
And breathe around the true poetic fire.
Osborn like Chatterton, poor child of fame,
Has only left his poetry and name ;
But future bards will with delight peruse,
The glowing pictures of his sprightly muse.
And unborn thousands will their fondness show,
For long neglected beauties of Freneau ;
And Barlow's Epic strains will yet be blest,
When all his critics in oblivion rest.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

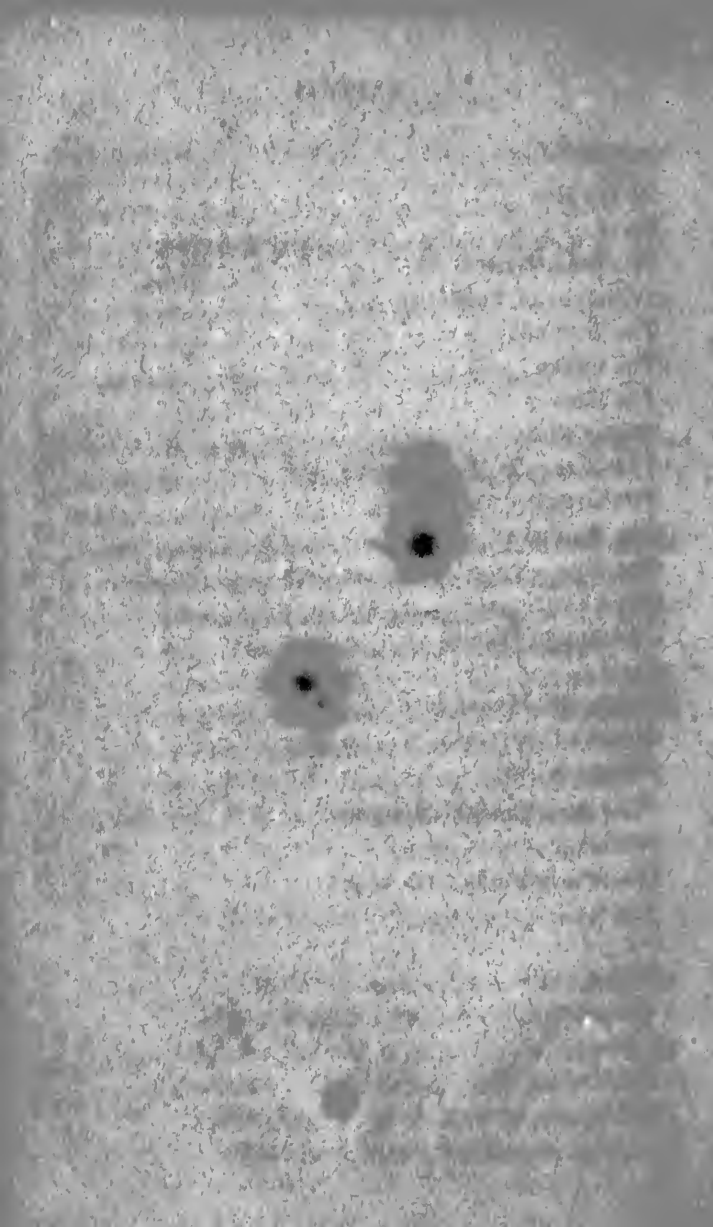
	PAGE.
American Resources - - - - -	21
Autumn - - - - -	52
American Volunteers - - - - -	74
Address for the opening of a New Theatre -	80
Banks of Hudson - - - - -	99
Battle of Orleans - - - - -	105
Camp Meeting - - - - -	113
Close of Life - - - - -	133
Conflagration - - - - -	150
Departed days - - - - -	58
Delusions of Hope - - - - -	97
Elegy on the death of Thomas Jefferson -	62
Empire of Peace - - - - -	109
Enigmas - - - - -	140
Fancy - - - - -	77
Fourth of July - - - - -	87
Fall of a Leaf - - - - -	98
Fanaticism - - - - -	111
First of May - - - - -	131
Fairmount Water-works - - - - -	169
Future Prospects of the United States -	171

	PAGE.
Genius of Liberty - - - - -	14
General La Fayette - - - - -	65
Jubilee - - - - -	60
Love's Lamentation - - - - -	101
Miseries of War - - - - -	89
Music - - - - -	94
National Prosperity - - - - -	18
Northern Canal - - - - -	72
News Carrier's Address - - - - -	125
Ode in commemoration of the American Inde- pendence - - - - -	27
Ode to Peace - - - - -	46
Ode to Greece - - - - -	107
Parent of all - - - - -	13
Pride of Neptune - - - - -	17
Penn's Treaty - - - - -	68
Poverty and Genius - - - - -	84
Painting - - - - -	95
Rural Retirement - - - - -	159
Spring - - - - -	48
Summer - - - - -	50
Social Evening - - - - -	56
Sun-rise at Sea - - - - -	64
South American Independence - - - - -	66
Symmes' Theory - - - - -	128
Stanzas on leaving New York - - - - -	139
Stanzas written in a remote part of Louisiana - - - - -	157
Sailing Party - - - - -	162

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE.
To the Sun - - - - -	23
To the Moon - - - - -	24
The Solar System - - - - -	25
Triumphs of Patriotism - - - - -	29
The Tornado - - - - -	78
The Ocean - - - - -	86
The Tear - - - - -	92
To my Flute - - - - -	96
The Serenade - - - - -	103
The Dream - - - - -	134
The Rainbow - - - - -	137
The Kiss - - - - -	138
The Cave - - - - -	152
Tyranny of Wealth - - - - -	165
Time - - - - -	173
Ungrateful Monarch - - - - -	123
Victim of Adversity - - - - -	141
Vision of Love - - - - -	146
View from Catskill Mountain - - - - -	167
Winter - - - - -	54
Western Solitude - - - - -	154



AMERICAN MINSTREL.

THE PARENT OF ALL.

Great God of the Universe! boundless in pow'r!

Thy mandate of goodness we all must obey.

When round us the storms of adversity low'r,

Or sunshine of happiness brightens our day,

On thy earthly province, as children we share

Thy infinite kindness, thy mercy and care.

And all that inhabit the ocean and land,

Or fly through the air,

Are made by thy hand;

The ugly, the fair,

The great and the small,

Fruition partake from the Parent of all.

All nature thy impress presents to the eye;

We see that thy presence immensity fills,

As we gaze with delight on the star-spangled sky,

Or view the green vesture that covers the hills.

From reptiles of earth to the seraphs above,

All beings proclaim thy omnipotent love.

And what are the forms of devotion to Thee
From mortals below.
Belief should be free,
Can splendour and show
Enlighten the soul,
And lead us in love to the Parent of all?

While nations and people who dwell on this sphere,
Wage horrible wars in defence of their creeds;
And mingle their blood with humanity's tear,
The purest religion from virtue proceeds;
The purest of incense to Heaven aspires
From hearts unpolluted with vicious desires.
As worlds without number in harmony roll,
Majestic and grand,
And show thy control;
Let all human kind
Who dwell on this ball,
Acknowledge in peace the great Parent of all,

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

Where nature spread smiles of enchantment around,
And earth's fairest scenes caught the beams of Aurora,
I listen'd with rapture to music's sweet sounds,
And view'd with delight the productions of Flora.
Perfum'd were the breezes of morning that roll'd,
The sky's floating curtains were glist'ning with gold.

On a mountain's high summit that rose in the west,
Presenting its laurels and ever-green bowers,
There Liberty's Genius resplendently drest,
In star spangled banners and garlands of flowers,
Arose, and to Heaven extended one hand,
While the other spread streams of delight o'er the land.

The Goddess proclaim'd from her safe guarded throne,
How her sons broke the fetters of tyrants asunder;
How her proud invaders were all overthrown,
By the force of her lightning and mandates of thunder;
And the deeds of her heroes she joyously sung,
Till her accents were caught by each far distant tongue.

With eyes that ne'er blink'd at the sun's fiery blaze,
She cast a clear view o'er the earth's distant regions.
Saw millions in chains with a sorrowful gaze,
And despots upheld by the force of their legions.
Then sent forth her heralds of freedom and light,
To nations that long had been shrouded in night.

And Neptune then told her his empire was free,
That those who had shown so much love and devotion
For the rights of their country, should traverse the sea,
And spread their white sails undisturb'd o'er the ocean;
With each friendly nation an intercourse keep,
And commerce pass free as the winds o'er the deep.

Our stars and our stripes which float o'er the blue main,
By sea-faring subjects of kings are respected;
Our charters of freedom we proudly maintain,
Are borne round the world and in triumph protected.
And people afar by their tyrants oppress'd,
Behold in our land an asylum of rest.

With voices united we swear to defend
Our country and homes from all hostile invasions,
And ne'er to the dictates of tyranny bend;
While the firmament shines with its bright constel-
lations,
No king but the one in the Heavens above,
Shall gain our alleg'ance of homage and love.

THE PRIDE OF NEPTUNE.

When our sea-faring subjects abused and impresst,
By Britain whose ships held a merciless reign,
The Genius of Liberty rose from the west,
And sent forth her murmurs o'er Neptune's domain,

The ocean's old ruler with absolute sway,
Ascended with pride in his wave-beaten car,
From his throne in the deep to the regions of day,
And said that our only redress was in war.

Columbia then thought of entreaties no more,
But call'd on her children to fight and be free;
Her language of vengeance the hurricanes bore,
And battles commenced on the land and the sea.

Through Heaven's clear azure the lightnings were
 hurl'd,
And thunders resounded o'er ocean's wild waves;
Till the echoes were lost in the noise of the world,
And thousands sunk down in their crystalline graves.

As Neptune beheld the young Hercules rise,
Thus breathing destruction with desperate ire
On his trident our banners he bore through the skies,
The Britons were rent by the tempests of fire.

In peace we now sing to the praises of those,
Who honours received from the god of the sea ;
Who valiantly humbled the pride of their foes,
With thunders proclaiming "they'd die or be free."

That commerce and freedom may travel the deep,
That our means of resistance may ever increase,
In a firm and defensive position we'll keep ;
Our prowess for war be our guardian of peace.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

From a world of woods and wilds,
Dark beneath the western skies ;
Works of arts display their smiles,
Cities, towns, and hamlets rise.

From a wilderness of shade,
Cultivated fields appear ;
In delightful charms array'd,
Cheering every cottage near.

AGRICULTURE clothes the ground,
With luxuriant attire ;
Scatters wealth and plenty round,
Makes the landscape bright and fair.

COMMERCE rolls in ev'ry breeze,
Spreading joy and gladness round ;
Freighted vessels grace the seas,
Marts with busy throngs abound.

ARTS extend their blissful aid,
Where the mansions proudly rise ;
Splendid structures lately made,
Lift their turrets to the skies.

SCIENCE beams with light sublime,
Spreads its lustre round the land ;
Cheering all our happy clime,
By its kind protecting hand.

In the regions dark with shade,
Haunts of Indians wild and rude,
There in nature's garb array'd,
Lie the lands of solitude.

There shall future vineyards grow,
There shall future hamlets rise ;
Orchards grace the mountain's brow,
Breathe their fragrance to the skies.

Millions from ascending day,
Journeying towards the setting sun ;
In Columbia's bosom gay,
Find a happy peaceful home.

Here may Freedom's Temple stand,
Spreading light and truth sublime,
Cheer the earth's remotest land,
Brighten ev'ry distant clime.

While the nations of the earth,
Marshal'd by despotic ire;
Full of foul, malicious wrath,
Clothe their land with blood and fire:

Here may Peace with olive wand,
Cheer the lab'rer at his toil;
As he views his native land,
As he tills his native soil.

Here may union, peace and love,
Fill the measure of our bliss;
And the God who rules above,
Deign to guard our happiness.

AMERICAN RESOURCES.

From the region of chaos the Almighty's hand,
Has given a spherical form to the earth,
And divided the globe into water and land,
That each should give myriads of beings their birth;
And all that inhabit the ocean's dark flood,
Or traverse the plains show the goodness of God.

The most needful treasures that chaos contain'd,
And things that should recompense man for his toil;
In forming this continent Deity gain'd,
And planted the choicest beneath our own soil;
O'er which the last empire of freedom has risen,
Much envied by nations and favour'd by Heaven.

Then let us look well to our own native land,
With national pride all its treasures explore,
Let us till the earth's surface with industry's hand,
And raise from its bosom the fossils and ore.
That wealth on our rivers abundantly roll,
From mountains of iron and the regions of coal.

Let us form our utensils and mould our own ware,
From things that our country affords us alone,
And nations who dwell in the countries afar,
To science and civilization unknown;
And those more enlightened where palaces tow'r,
Will view with surprise our republican pow'r.

From the galaxy's glow in the regions above,
Where Heaven's pavilions replendently shine ;
In language of kindness, affection and love,
With voices celestial, and accents divine,
Mid seraphs and angels immortal and wise,
Our heroes departed, thus speak from the skies :

“Ye sons of Columbia who love your own soil,
And culture the fields where your ancestors bled,
Ne'er give to oppression the fruits of your toil,
Nor let your RESOURCES lie dormant and dead :
Improve all the bounties bestow'd on your land,
Is Deity's will and is Heaven's command.”

TO THE SUN.

Hail source of day! stupend'ous world of light!
Celestial splendour streaming from thy face,
Makes each revolving orb shine fair and bright,
That flies around thee through unbounded space.

Before thy rays the shades of night are driv'n,
And dusky veils roll from the circling sky;
Thy beams illumine the wide expanse of heav'n,
And tinge the clouds with ev'ry brilliant dye.

Thy genial warmth enlivens ev'ry vale,
And gives the flowers, and vegetation birth;
Cheers every insect floating on the gale,
And ev'ry creature animate on earth.

Fountain of light! to thee unnumbered lays,
Ascend from joyous warblers of the grove;
While nature's children speak aloud thy praise
In morning songs of wonder, joy, and love.

Where thy broad disk a twinkling gem appears,
Mysterious works the hand of God has wrought;
Comets and suns, and circumvolving spheres,
Exist beyond the reach of human thought.

TO THE MOON.

Thou goddess of evening, and daughter of day,
Now cheering the world with thy light;
As through thy pale glimmers I pensively stray,
I feast on the beauties of night.

The sunbeams are gently withdrawn from the sky,
The gales are now charm'd to repose;
Up to thy fair visage I breathe a soft sigh,
To thee let me cast all my woes.

How lovely and lonely the landscapes appear;
How glitt'ring thy glow on the sea;
This silver-faced night how delightfully clear,
Thy lustre how tranquil and free.

Thou friend of my solitude, soft and serene,
Thy beams that now brighten the waves,
Pass through the clear tide with a tremulous gleam,
And shine round the sea-monsters' caves.

While millions repose in the cradle of night,
Caress'd in old Morpheus's arms;
Till beams of Aurora shall banish thy light,
I'll muse on thy faint glowing charms

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The Sun, the bright stupendous orb of day,
Upon his axis turns, enthron'd in light;
Round which the worlds of diff'rent orders move,
And bear the solar radiance through the skies.
Mercury is first to catch the blaze of day,
And hasten round its transitory year.
Venus or Vesper next its course pursues
Around the world of light:—an evening star,
To us, for half a year; the other half,
It shines the brilliant harbinger of day.
Earth with its lunar orb, in order next,
With oceans, islands, continents and seas,
A wider circuit makes around the Sun.
More distant still the brilliant Mars is seen,
Coursing around through Heaven's ethereal waste.
Beyond the orbit of the fiery Mars,
Four younger worlds called Asteroids* shine,
And with eccentric circuits make their years
In youthful gambols round the source of day.
With belted disk, and four attendant moons,
Great Jupiter, more distant, still pursues
A wider circle through the vast expanse.

* The small planets, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta have only been observed by modern astronomers.

Saturn still more remote, with seven moons,
And atmospheric belt, or zone revolves,
Slow and majestic through creation's void.
Farthest of all, and near the utmost bourn
Of the vast system, Herschel glides around
With six attendant satellites. Though great
In magnitude, he moves unseen by man,
Unless by means of telescopic gaze.
Other vast bodies, with majestic flight,
Trailing their splendour through the heavenly fields,
Excite the wonder of the gazing world.
These are the comets;—flying round the Sun;
Then sailing through immensity of space.
With what precision move the heavenly spheres;
How grand and wonderful the vast machine,
That acts obedient to the Eternal will:
But greater far that Being who can form,
Resplendent suns, and their attendant orbs.

AN ODE

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Ye sons of Freedom now arise,
And celebrate once more,
The day, when echoes fill'd the skies,
From our triumphant shore.

With starry banners now unfurl'd
O'er ocean, land, and sea ;
In thunders, let us tell the world
The day that made us free.

Hail happy day! when Freemen rose,
And broke oppression's band ;
And spread dismay amongst their foes,
And blest a smiling land.

Let tears of grateful joy be shed,
Amidst our social glee ;
For many a thousand hearts have bled,
That we might all be free.

For Independence, human blood
And carnage clothed the ground ;
Till in the Revolution's flood,
The sacred boon was found.

And may we guard the prize secure,
Our fathers died to gain ;
And Freedom's temple, bright and pure,
Eternally remain.

May peace and Independence glow,
And cheer each smiling morn ;
Their blessings unobstructed flow,
To millions yet unborn.

From Maine to Mississippi's clime,
Once but a lonely waste,
See fruitful fields and hamlets shine,
With flowing plenty blest.

Thus from a lonely world of shade,
Have splendid cities risen ;
The land in fairest charms array'd,
Blest with the smiles of Heaven.

As long as seas or rivers flow,
May peace and plenty reign ;
Remote from Europe's want and wo,
Beyond the Atlantic main.

Should hostile armies ever try
To gain our peaceful shore,
Let millions rise, resolved to die
Or guard their rights secure.

THE TRIUMPHS OF PATRIOTISM.

E'er since the day, when heav'n, and earth, and sea
Proclaim'd aloud "America is free,"
Despots and kings have view'd with jealous eyes,
Her pow'r extending and her glory rise.
But of her warlike deeds in days of yore,
When death's pale spectres rode her thunder's roar ;
When o'er the land the Revolution's flood
Profusely flow'd, with carnage, tears, and blood,
I fail to sing. For scenes of later days
Invite my Muse and animate my lays.

Britannia long had kept the world in awe,
And pow'r alone gave to her outrage law ;
She heap'd indignities with wanton hand
Upon the natives of the western land :
Till violated rights, which long forbore
From hostile deeds, sought for redress in war.
Then rose the genius of the Western world,
And from her battlements her thunders hurl'd ;
And Mars descending from his fiery throne,
Beheld the strife and made the cause his own.
Then round the land the fiery meteors flash,
Flame combats flame, and swords and sabres clash

Avenging wrath inspires the warring bands,
To scatter death with desperation's hands.

Tempestuous war with clangor wild and rude,
Awakes the Indians from their solitude.
The savage tribes, rous'd from the western wilds
By British presents and by British smiles.
Bound forth in fury from each dark abode,
To surfeit their desires in human blood.
From lake to lake, through regions wild and drear,
The war-hoop sounds : the savage hosts appear
With instruments of death from British lands,
By Britons forg'd, by them put in their hands ;
They sally forth ; kindle the torturing fire,
Where fathers, mothers, children, all expire.
The hardy peasants leave their fond abodes,
And march impatient for the western woods,
To where the sources of the Wabash rise,
And savage foe in every thicket lies.
There lull'd to rest, but on their arms reclin'd,
While dreams of carnage fill'd the soldier's mind ;
But rous'd by savage yells in great surprise,
They snatch their arms, and in a moment rise,
Beneath the trees the whizzing bullets fly,
And lurid fires flash lustre to the sky ;
The savage hearts the pointed bayonets feel,
And gushing blood pursues the deadly steel ;
And fly the tomahawks athwart the plains,
Cov'ring the ground with human blood and brains,

As terror through th' savage host is spread.
They bear away their dying and their dead;
And Harrison's brave men at early dawn,
Find that Tecumseh's forces are withdrawn.

From tranquil homes impatient legions rise,
And groves of muskets glitter to the skies;
Ceres to Mars, her choicest treasure yields,
And spreading tents adorn the vacant fields.
To northern lands Bellona rolls her car,
And blows around the fiery flames of war.
As gath'ring clouds portend a dreadful storm,
Brigades and reg'ments, and battalions form;
Revenge inspires Columbia's warring trains,
To scour the woods and sweep Canadian plains.
But like the waves by shifting breezes borne,
Squadrons arrive, advance, assail, return.
Few laurels won, or victories to claim,
Or deed perform'd to signalize a name:
Hull yields his forces to the captive yoke,
And all his boastings vanish into smoke.
But on the page of infamy his name,
Will live in immortality of shame.
Proud chiefs return to tell when danger's nigh,
They in their tents could drink their goblets dry.
Though they from Mars no war-worn trophies bear,
Yet they with Bacchus, other glories share.

As angry waves in quick succession rise,
Succeeding troops each vacancy supplies;
Squadrons advance to regions wrapt in snows,
To wreak just vengeance on their northern foes.
Where spreading lakes the liquid hills display,
And the St. Lawrence bears the floods away—
Where o'er the rocks united torrents flow,
And fall tremendous in the gulf below;
Like the vast ocean of another world,
Against the earth in awful grandeur hurl'd—
Where circling shores are crowned with ancient trees,
And sylvan isles adorn the inland seas;
To these grand scenes our warring bands repair,
Amidst the dire calamities of war.
Impatient squadrons, like a rushing flood,
Our banners bear o'er smoking fields of blood;
And Mars descends through smoke and fire to crown
With laurel wreaths, Scott, Harrison, and Brown.

In lone Chakago's dark umbrag'ous bowers,
Mid drifting snows and summer's transient flowers,
The bones of those the savages have slain,
Moulder to dust or whiten on the plain.
As winds and waves in dread confusion roar,
On Queenstown fall the thunderbolts of war;
Ascending clouds deform the circling skies,
And streams of blood display the purple dyes.
But Raisin's banks hold out more scenes of woe,
Mid icy glades and heaps of drifted snow.

The purple streams that flow from human veins,
Congeal to ice or melt the frozen plains.
Hard was the strife in that most awful day,
When Jove his thunders hurled on Chippeway.
When the dire conflict shook the crimson plain,
And lightnings flew o'er bleeding heaps of slain.
There will the peasant in his future toil,
Find human bones comingled with the soil.

The brightest laurels from the hand of fame,
On Erie's bosom, Perry's heroes claim.
The breathing winds the awful thunders bore,
And swelling surges wash'd the circling shore;
As in the deadly fight the fleets engaged;
And in the work of death, the conflict raged.
Superior valour gain'd a noble prize,
A British squadron of superior size.
O'er Champlain's waters and o'er Plattsburgh's shore,
Britannia weeps; for midst the battle's roar,
Her prowess yielded and her heroes slain,
Were sent to people Pluto's dark domain.
For there M'Donough's warring soul set free,
From her strong grasp another inland sea.
Moraviantown beheld with dire alarms,
Valour and conquest beaming from our arms.
And York has seen the British hosts retire,
And valiant Pike triumphantly expire.
The fire that to a secret mine was given,
Started his body with his soul for Heaven,

But disengaged, it fell on earth below,
Midst mangled corpses and dire scenes of woe.
When savage hosts and Britain's martial trains,
Sounded the war whoop o'er Sandusky's plains:
The youthful Croghan and his dauntless band, -
Resolv'd to die, or all their force withstand.
Like the volcanoes of the hottest hell
Their fires were sent, the proud besiegers fell!
Those who surviv'd with hasty steps withdrew,
While o'er their dead our starry banners flew.

PART II.

Along our coast resounding thunders roar,
While leaden tempests rage upon the shore ;
Columbia's sons their faithful vigils keep,
O'er the vast empire of the rolling deep.
Our valiant navy rides the liquid plain,
Our eagle soars o'er Neptune's wide domain ;
And passing breezes from the ocean bear
To ev'ry land the echoing sounds of war.
As round the western isles the Guerriere sails ;
Waving Britannia's banners to the gales ;
Her boasting crew rejoic'd to meet a foe,
Prepare to fight nor dread impending wo.
Panting for blood and filled with warlike ire,
They ope their batt'ries and let loose their fire.

The Constitution, eager to engage,
Manœuvres round, but holds her lightning's rage,
Till sure of execution, when she throws
The fiery torrents 'midst her haughty foes.
Confounds the Britons ! shakes the welkin round,
And the sea-monsters startle at the sound !
Spreads death and carnage on the Guerriere's deck,
Captures her crew and sinks the shatter'd wreck.
Hull breaks the charm ! impregnable no more

Are Britain's bulwarks, when our thunders roar.
The Macedonian next in naval pride,
Surveys our coast, and ploughs the swelling tide.
Her British crew with lofty hopes imprest,
Defy the youthful navy of the west ;
Till met by the United States, when lo !
Thick clouds arise and fiery torrents flow.
But soon the Britons, somewhat fond of life,
Pull down their banner and conclude the strife.
Then Neptune rises in his ancient car,
And lifts his trident o'er the scenes of war,
And calls on all Columbia's sons to view
The conquest by Decatur and his crew.

Bainbridge another victory can claim,
To grace the rising monuments of fame ;
For as I stretch my view beyond the line,
O'er the wild waves his feats of glory shine.

The Java cruises round those sunny isles,
Where nature blooms and summer ever smiles :
The Constitution, every danger braves,
Lifts the white sails, and cuts the briny waves ;
Meets with the Java, when they both prepare
To hurl the heavy thunderbolts of war.
The dire explosions echo to the clouds,
And death's pale spectres haunt the Java's shrouds.
Till spars and rigging, carried by the board,
And her surviving crew securely moor'd,
Within Columbia's most successful ship, -
That gains a British freight in every trip.

The English Peacock, drest in plumes so fair,
Attacks the Hornet; when high in the air,
Her feathers fly. She feels the deadly sting,
And yields submissive with a broken wing.
She yields to one of far inferior size,
Then in the deep she sinks, no more to rise.
Lawrence in this proud victory displays
His naval skill, and gains his country's praise ;
But while the sea-born honours round him bloom,
In sanguinary strife he meets his doom,
For naught but death his spirit could subdue,
And give his body to the Shannon's crew.

The British Boxer meets the Enterprize,
When dire explosions shake the earth and skies :
High in the Heavens, the clouds of smoke aspire,
And cast a gloom o'er mutual streams of fire.

Brave Burrows falls in this most desperate fight ;
His spirit travels to the realms of light.
But Neptune from his coral bow'rs ascends,
And as he comes the dreadful contest ends :
High o'er the deep he waves our stripes and stars,
And gives the Boxer to Columbia's tars.

See Porter roam the ocean's wide domains,
And with the Essex num'rous prizes gains.
He makes our commerce travel safe and free,
On the fair bosom of the western sea.
But while in port, beneath the southern skies,
'Two British ships, one of superior size,
Attack the Essex, with delib'rate aim,
And lodge their balls midst bursting sheets of flame.
But nothing daunts the brave, heroic hand,
Who pour their blood round Valparaiso's stand :
They keep the ship though wrapt in wreaths of fire,
Till half the crew with bleeding wounds expire,
But when their guns dismounted cease to roar,
Rather than yield they swim and gain the shore.

Again the Constitution shows her pow'r,
And deals destruction at the midnight hour.
The conq'ring club of Hercules she bears,
While from her sides the vivid lightning glares ;
Her fiery wrath she breathes at once, when, lo !
Two ships of war are taken at a blow.

Their gloomy fate Levant and Cyane rue,
Then tamely yield to Stewart and his crew.
Thus may the Constitution of our land,
Our charter'd ark of safety ever stand,
Triumphant in its grand, primeval forms,
Curbing its foes and braving all the storms:
Teaching mankind to guard, and proudly save,
Those equal rights which God and nature gave.

Unnumber'd strifes upon the ocean rage,
And foes to foes the deadly conflicts wage.
While smokes above obscure the face of day,
Below the sharks are fighting for their prey.
Valour and skill, the nation proudly owns,
In Rodgers, Biddle, Warrington and Jones;
Chauncey and Morris, in their country's cause,
With Barney, Blakely, Reid—gain high applause.
The God who rules the wat'ry world appears
Dispensing glory to our privateers.
Our humbled foe, their daring prowess feels,
And British commerce to their courage yields.
Tidings of conquests which our heroes gain,
Are borne on all the breezes from the main.

PART III.

As British squadrons round our havens ride,
Their flowing canvas darkens half the tide.
Upon the Chesapeake's indented strand,
Brigades and reg'ments and battalions land;
The proud phalanxes move o'er hills and dales,
Waving triumphant ensigns to the gales,
Till check'd by Barney's most unyielding crew,
They lose their men, but still their course pursue;
They reach our infant Capital, when lo!
In spacious halls the lawless torches glow,
And soon the bursting flames to Heaven aspire,
And all is bright from pyramids of fire.
Our wearied troops struck with forboding awe,
In broken groups ingloriously withdraw.
Soon as the public domes that tower'd so high,
In shapeless heaps of drifting ashes lie,
And clouds of cinders from our naval stores,
Had settled on Potomac's winding shores,
With hurried steps the Britons move away,
And reach their ships, impatient of delay.
For this and other deeds upon our land,
The god of war with lightning in his hand,
Fills ev'ry heart with most avenging ire,
And breathes around destruction, wrath and fire.

The British thunders next are heard to roar,
Along the sea-girt plains of Baltimore.

The warring ships upon Patapsco ride,
Till streams of blood are mingled with the tide ;
On Fort M^cHenry all their vengeance falls,
In glaring rockets, bombs, and pond'rous balls.
Both day and night the cannons shake the shores,
But the proud Britons only waste their stores ;
Our battlements display the wreaking fires,
Till out of reach the hostile fleet retires.
Our banners tell as high in air they wave,
What Armstead and his thousand men can save.
They next pour forth their forces on the strand,
Resolv'd to try their fate upon the land.
Along the plains they show their martial pow'r,
And move their well-train'd forces from the shore.
Their burnished arms with gleaming lustre shine,
And coats of red adorn the lengthen'd line.
Columbia's sons, unaw'd by all their show,
Advance with ardour to oppose the foe,
When lo ! at once the hottest fires are sent,
The circling skies with quick concussions rent,
From equal strife the streams of blood is seen,
Gushing from wounds, encrimsoning the green,
Until a rifle from a beardless swain,
Lays their proud leader gasping on the plain.
Confusion and dismay attend their loss,
As they bewail the hapless fate of Ross.
They leave the ground—their choicest blood behind,
And in their ships they peace and safety find.

Through future years a monument can tell,
The names of those who in the battle fell;
And passing throngs that tread our happy shore,
Behold with pride this work of Baltimore.

From wide domains of wilderness appear
Barbarian hordes along our vast frontier;
The shrieks of innocence to Heav'n ascend,
And dying groans with savage war-whoops blend;
Matrons and maids, behold in wild despair,
The tort'ring fires diffuse an awful glare.
The infant murder'd on its mother's breast,
Is seen amidst the horrors of the west;
Ferocious tribes spread death and carnage round
And num'rous scenes of massacre abound.
But Heaven's protecting hand at once inspires
Our warring bands to quench in blood the fires;
To snatch the hatchet rais'd to give the blow,
And wreak their vengeance on their cruel foe.
JACKSON, the ruling spirit of the storms,
In southern wilds Herculean deeds performs;
For wheresoe'er he points his conqu'ring sword,
Carnage and death pursue the savage horde;
The slaughter'd tribes an horrid scene display,
And the wild beasts are surfeited with prey.
And now the buried hatchet lies secure,
The brightened chain of friendship shall endure.

But oft our soldiers will relate with pride,
How Talladaga's plains in blood were dyed.
Of the dread fight of Tallapoosa tell,
Where savage hosts of painted warriors fell;
And the poor Indian oft in mournful sounds,
Relate the slaughter of the Hickory grounds;
And dwind'ling tribes through future years deplore
The fate of war on Alabama's shore.

A Spanish garrison our prowess feels,
And Pensacola to old Hickory yields.
As o'er the battlements our banners wave,
The choicest laurels recompense the brave.
Ascending clouds obscure the face of day,
As streams of fire are sent o'er Mobile bay :
Opposing thunders shake the earth and skies,
And shouts of triumph from Fort Bowyer rise.
The Britons view their loss with sullen awe,
And from the fight their shattered ships withdraw.
The Hermes burns—her magazine takes fire,
And in one wild convulsion all expire.

Britannia musters her gigantic pow'r,
And sends her fleets to Mississippi's shore,
Where her proud legions martial scenes display,
And through the fenny woodlands force their way.
Expecting spoils of conquest soon to gain,
Stretch their long columns over half the plain.

Columbia's genius sees the tempest low'r,
And calls her children to the scenes of war.
They hear the call, impatient to obey,
Unite in squadrons, and soon march away
To meet the foe with promptitude and zeal,
With show'rs of lead, and points of glitt'ring steel.
Jackson and Coffee, Carroll and Adair,
Lead on her forces to the scenes of war.

While gloomy night her sable curtain throws,
And hostile bands enjoy serene repose,
Unaw'd by danger, in their tents reclin'd,
Fond dreams of plunder feast the soldier's mind;
At once the fiery bolts of war are hurl'd
Against the invaders of the western world.
Clangour and carnage mar the face of night,
And all the welkin glows with rising light.
Wars dreadful engines o'er the plains resound,
Until th' astonish'd Britons leave the ground
To half their number; but a dauntless crew,
With hearts of steel, firm, valiant, brave, and true.
Before Aurora spreads her early dawn,
Our hardy band is cautiously withdrawn.
Entrenchments then our heroes quickly form,
And breastworks raise to meet th' impending storm.

Augmenting forces to their standards join,
And give fresh strength to each extended line.

On Orleans' plains wars lighted torches blaze,
And partial conflicts frequent thunders raise ;
Till at the dawning of a fatal day,
Britannia's forces tired of long delay,
Send forth their fiery meteors through the air,
And light the skies with most portentous glare.
Like the dark clouds charg'd with electric fire,
Their columns move with banners high in air ;
As they approach, war's dreadful engines roar,
And streams of blood o'erflow the trembling shore.
Ten thousand vivid flames the welkin warm,
And clouds of smoke the face of Heav'n deform ;
The well pois'd rifle, and the cannon's breath,
Spread round destruction, carnage, wounds, and death.
The Britons fall by hundreds on the plain,
And life's warm fluid flows from ev'ry vein.
Their broken columns in disorder form,
And strive to gain our battlements by storm.
Their leader feels the instrument of death,
And in the awful strife resigns his breath.
Their hopes destroy'd, dismay'd they break and yield,
With heaps of slain, the blood-encrimson'd field.
As in despair their wounded lion roars,
From laurel groves Columbia's eagle soars,

Waving in triumph o'er the scenes of war,
Our star-bespangled banners in the air.
But peace returns; war's thunders all expire,
And British squadrons from our land retire;
Long to remember, and with grief deplore,
Their laurels lost on Mississippi's shore.

ODE TO PEACE.

Peace, fair daughter of the skies,
Come with olive wreaths unfurl'd !
Spreading charms before our eyes;
Smiling o'er the western world !

Thunders cease to rend the air;
Hostile banners wave no more:
Star of Peace serene and fair,
Beam upon Columbia's shore.

Blood and carnage now may cease,
Swords to scythes and sickles bend;
Every heart be cheer'd with Peace,
Peace and plenty cheer the land.

O'er the waves shall commerce glide,
Treasures float in ev'ry gale;—
Grace the undulating tide,
Make each humble cottage smile.

Legions to their homes retire,
From the fields o'erspread with gore,
Circling round the social fire,
Feel the joys they felt before.

Let triumphal arches rise,
Rich in wreaths of wintry flow'rs;
Like the rainbow in the skies,
Shining 'midst departing show'rs.

Mothers, daughters, sons, and sires,
Let your joyous voices rise!
He who guides the rolling spheres
Sends us Peace below the skies!

SPRING.

As surly Winter hides his cheerless brow,
And lifts his snowy mantle from the ground,
Gay Spring returns with animating glow,
To cheer the land and scatter smiles around.

The Sun, the source and parent of the day,
To other climes has lent his fost'ring pow'r;
But now returns to wake the morning lay,
To swell the buds, and open ev'ry flow'r.

Now as the fields are cloth'd in lively green,
On ev'ry side botanic charms abound;
Unnumbered hues appear in every scene
Where Flora spreads her gaudy treasures round.

Where festive throngs in rural bliss regale,
The blossoms lend their fragrance to the breeze,
And breathing zephyrs in each balmy gale,
Diffuse sweet odours from the blooming trees.

But those gay scenes and landscapes now sublime,
Will soon forbear to spread their smiling bloom;
For Spring rolls swiftly on the car of time,
And soon will change to Summer's sultry noon.

And thus, like Spring, will youthful scenes retire,
And years revolving shrouded oft in gloom,
Roll on, till drooping age, oppressed with care
Sinks to repose beneath the peaceful tomb.

SUMMER.

The smiles of Spring have glided from our view,
And Summer comes, with welcome treasures stored;
For which, to Nature's God our thanks are due,
For all the bounties that his hands afford.

The waving harvest crowns the sultry plain,
And ripening fruits in varied forms are seen;
While social mirth attends the rural train,
Now toiling in the meadows fresh and green.

In Summer months what lively scenes arise;
The blissful shades of wild, romantic bowers,
Th' electric fluid flashing through the skies,
The tepid gales, and cool refreshing showers.

Now as the sun sinks slowly in the west,
What fond delight to view his visage fair;
While breathing zephyrs fan the world to rest,
And clouds of insects sport upon the air.

Or when Aurora throws around her smiles,
What brilliant scenes the landscapes hold to view;
Resplendent beams adorn night's dusky veils,
And ev'ry leaf is tipt with gems of dew.

But Summer's charms must quickly glide away,
And be succeeded by autumnal gloom;
So time's corroding hand will soon display,
A darker visage o'er life's fairest bloom.

AUTUMN.

Now Autumn like a harbinger of woe,
Treads rudely on the summer's ling'ring smiles;
Now robs the landscapes of the brightest glow,
And Flora's charms with careless hand despoils.

Here as I loiter in the lonely glades,
Unnumber'd objects strike my wand'ring view;
The leaves that form'd the summer's cooling shades,
Fall to the ground, and wear a sable hue.

As on a willowy bank, where waters flow,
I listen to the insects' feeble moan;
The river's brink seems drest in weeds of woe,
And drooping plants say winter must return.

Where meadows smil'd in summer days so fair,
And blossoms deck'd the rich and verdant plain,
Now chilling frost flies through the evening air,
And no sweet flow'rets on their stalks remain.

But autumn wears its own peculiar charms,
For choicest fruits from earth's productive soils;
Are held in nature's ever bount'ous arms,
To pay the husbandman for all his toils.

But soon the autumnal gales will cease to blow,
And sullen winter with his frowns appear;
To shake the ice and snow from off his brow,
And breathe his vengeance on the changing year.

WINTER.

As surly winter with relentless frown,
O'er northern land his icy sceptre sways;
He throws his snowy mantle o'er the ground,
And gives us lengthen'd nights and shorten'd days.

The landscapes which in summer smil'd so fair,
Rich in the leafy bow'rs, and fields of green;
Present an aspect cheerless, cold and drear,
With frost and snow comingled with the scene.

Where oft I sought the muse-inspiring shade,
And heard the birds' wild animating strains,
Now murm'ring rills, beneath the icy glades,
In mournful accents glide along the plains.

Yet there are scenes in nature truly grand,
When drifting snows and northern lights appear,
Presented to us by supreme command,
To give new beauties to the changing year.

When winter breathes his frosty breath around,
And seems to rule with most vindictive ire,
How blest are those with peace and plenty crown'd,
Who spend their evenings round the social fire.

But ah ! how many linger out their days
In pale dejection, misery, and woe ;
In winter's cold they feel no cheering rays,
From a kind home—from love or friendship flow.

A SOCIAL EVENING.

As winds of drear winter relentlessly ride,
O'er hills and o'er valleys, deep mantled in snow,
Let us draw up our chairs to the warm fireside,
And mirth be the magical mistress of woe.

Let us drown all our cares in a flow of delight,
And carefully shun the intrusions of sorrow ;
That life may expand with the joys of to-night,
And the joys of to-night cheer the face of to-morrow.

The ice and the snow that now covers the ground.
Will soon melt away in the glow of the spring ;
The spring spreads a smile of enchantment around,
And birds in the branches melodiously sing.

But man with the seasons will never regain,
The spring-tide of life full of juvenile joys ;
For life is a vapour not long to remain,
Which lethargy darkens and often destroys.

Then let us be cheerful and drive away care,
For friendship, affection, and love all combin'd,
Can lend a soft smile to the face of despair,
And sweeten a lively repast of the mind.

While kings and proud despots with ambitious sway,
Enkindle the torches and tumults of war;
And marshal their millions in battle's array,
To overwhelm regions with carnage and fire.

We'll lift our light sails o'er an ocean of woes,
Nor envy the sceptres by monarchs possess'd;
As we catch ev'ry breeze of enjoyment that blows,
To waft us in peace to the haven of rest.

DEPARTED DAYS.

When joys of my heart are encumber'd with care,
I think of the days of my youth;
When vision-built castles erected on air,
Bore charms of enchantment and truth.

Sweet anticipation portray'd to my view,
Enjoyments unmingled with woe;
And juvenile pleasures successively flew,
Enliven'd with life's early glow.

Then tranquil and sweet were my slumbers of night,
No thorns to occasion a sigh;
My day dreams of future enjoyment were bright,
As morning that crimsoned the sky.

But hope's dear delusion soon vanish'd away,
Soon ceased to enrapture my mind;
And youth's glowing season, romantic and gay,
Left care and vexation behind.

The joys and delusions of youth are now o'er,
Those visions and phantoms are fled:
My first and best friends can delight me no more,
And hope's blissful charms are half dead.

But alas! it is folly to grieve or complain,
For days that no more we shall see,
Then let the light smile of indiff'rence remain,
And the heart beat with rapture and glee.

THE JUBILEE.

Come circle round the social board,
And let your goblets shine ;
We'll sing the days when cannons roar'd,
And pass the flowing wine.

Now fifty years have roll'd away,
Since Heav'n and earth and sea,
Bore witness to that happy day,
That made our country free.

When armies in ferocious ire,
Fill'd all our land with woe ;
Our fathers rush'd through blood and fire,
Upon th' invading foe.

They met the tyrants in the field,
And laid them on the ground :
They made Britannia's forces yield,
And brought their spirits down.

They scorn'd to murmur, or complain
Of bleeding wounds and scars ;
While bearing o'er the heaps of slain,
Columbia's stripes and stars.

United let us proudly stand,
Until our nation be
The queen of science on the land,
And mistress of the sea.

May Heav'n its blessings ever shed,
Upon our favour'd shore ;
And war the purple torrents spread
Along our plains no more.

But should our country ever need
Her sons to fight again ;
Ten hundred thousand hearts would bleed
Or all their rights maintain.

Now since we're blest with Freedom's cheer,
Let songs and anthems rise,
Let louder cannons shake the sphere,
And echoes rend the skies.

And as our bosoms proudly thrill,
With friendship, joy, and glee ;
Let all of us our glasses fill,
And hail the Jubilee.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

As Jove was list'ning from his beaming throne,
To hear a nation hail a Jubilee ;
From earth he call'd Columbia's favourite son,
To leave a people permanently free.

Minerva sent her vehicle of light,
To bear his spirit to the realms of day ;
Where scenes of glory shine forever bright,
Mid souls enfranchis'd from the mortal clay.

Anthems responsive to the strains below,
Sounded the name of Jefferson above ;
For blissful throngs were anxious to bestow
On him, the tokens of celestial love.

Illustrious man ! we see thee here no more,
Yet lasting honors will attend thy name ;
Our countrymen will bear from shore to shore
The proud memorials of thy deathless fame.

And as they travel o'er the ocean's waves,
Or bear our banners on a distant sea;—
Will boldly tell to tyrants and to slaves,
That God creates all human beings free.

In those dark days that tried the hearts of men,
Thy words of truth were echoed to the sky;
As millions gained instruction from thy pen,
They swore to live as freemen or to die.

A quick reverse from joy's enliv'ning glow,
To scenes where pensive sadness spreads a gloom;
We see the dark habiliments of woe,
And hear the plaintive dirges of the tomb;

As tears of sorrow in profusion rise,
And shine like dew drops on the drooping flow'rs;
Yet balmy zephyrs, breathe your mournful sighs,
And whisper grief through Monticello's bow'rs.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

The ruler of day spreads a charm o'er the sea,
The stars that bespangl'd the curtains of night,
In morning's fair dawn are now fading away,
And the concave above is replenish'd with light.

The crystalline waves of the liquid expanse,
Reflect the pure gold of Aurora's first gleam,
Amidst the light breezes they carelessly dance,
And earth vies with heaven to brighten the scene.

Let grateful emotions of piety rise,
Towards the great bountiful Parent of good,
As we view yonder orb in the orient skies,
Diffusing its beams on the tremulous flood.

How oft does the sea-beaten mariner's soul
Feel cheer'd at thy presence bright god of the morn,
When he on a wreck by a tempest's control,
O'er mountains and valleys of water is born.

GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

When gloomy clouds hung o'er the western world,
And fields were smoking with our father's blood;
Then as the hostile banners were unfurl'd
Throughout our land war roll'd its crimson flood.

In those dark days of carnage, tears and woes,
Kind Heav'n inspir'd Fayette our present guest,
To come and fight our country's haughty foes.
And aid a struggling nation in the west.

Unaw'd by danger, or despotic laws,
For us he made the Gallic thunders roar;
He drew his sword in Freedom's sacred cause,
And shed his gen'rous blood upon our shore.

Though absent long from his adopted land,
He comes mid acclamations sounding high;
He comes; and millions hail Columbia's friend,
And greatful tears are seen in ev'ry eye.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The contest for freedom has ended at last,
And millions proclaim that the struggle is o'er;
The dark days of horror and carnage have past,
And glory succeeds the destructions of war.

The battle's loud roar,
No longer is heard,
And tyranny's power
No longer is fear'd.

The engines of war may in peace now repose,
For valour has triumph'd o'er liberty's foes.

The plains of Caraccas, the Andean heights,
The regions of Chili, and shores of Peru,
Sound praise to the heroes who fought for their rights,
And show'd what devotion to country could do.

Great Bolivar's name
With others shall shine,
On tablets of fame
Unsullied by time :

And millions be blest by the deeds of their sires,
As reason o'er dark superstition aspires.

La Plata's smooth surface, uncoloured with blood,
Through plains of rich verdure shall peacefully wind,
And Amazon rolling an ocean-like flood,
Display on its bosom the wealth of mankind.

From forests now drear,
Where monsters abound,
Shall cities appear;
And music's soft sound

Be heard from the mansions, when people are gay,
Instead of the howlings of wild beasts of prey.

May science and civilization diffuse
Their light like god of the Inca around;
And man speak his mind, as he joyously views
The trammels of bigotry laid in the ground.

May knowledge expand,
And virtue prevail
Throughout all the land:
And myriads hail

The bounties of freedom, that valour has giv'n,
And guard them secure as the pillars of heav'n.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

When Europe's tyrants rul'd the sons of men,
And earth accursed with envy, strife and war;
A messenger of peace and good will, Penn,
Was sent by Heaven to bless the western shore.

Dark wastes of woods a gloomy grandeur spread;
Few were the hamlets that display'd their smiles,
The Indian tribes exciting fear and dread;
Roam'd the proud heroes of their native wilds.

But nature's god so forms the human breast,
That kindness, truth and justice may impart,
Their charms to calm the passions down to rest;
And tame the most vindictive savage heart.

The place where Philadelphia proudly stands,
Coaquannoc was call'd in days of yore;
There white and red men met as mutual friends;
And held their converse on the river's shore.

Beneath an elm that spread around its shade,
And rais'd aloft its giant arms in air ;
An honest treaty there in peace was made,
To last as long as sun and moon endure.

No sceptres, crowns, nor marks of princely sway,
Nor formal oaths, nor ostentations glare ;
The Indian warriors laid their arms away,
And only ask'd for what was just and fair.

There axes, kettles, knives and woollen goods,
With other things were spread upon the ground :
For which the natives gave a world of woods,
And held their contract sacred and profound.

No lurking serpent as in Eden's grove,
Enrich'd with earth's primeval fruits and flowers,
Could make illwill usurp the place of love,
Nor blast the joys of Shackamaxon's bowers.*

* The spot now occupied by Kensington, which forms the northern extremity of Philadelphia was called Shackamaxon by the aborigines, separated from Coaquannoc, by the Cohocksink creek. Here Penn and the Indians made their treaty.

Bright prospects open'd to the mind of Penn,
His vision pierc'd the veil of future years;
And what he saw through fancy's vista then,
To us in bright reality appears.

Where trunks of trees in mould'ring ruins lay,
Beneath the branching walnut's bow'rs of green;
The axe was heard, the forest clear'd away,
And houses, fields, and gardens soon were seen.

A city next as Penn had wisely plann'd,
On Delaware's reedy banks receiv'd its birth;
Destin'd to be the glory of the land,
Unrivall'd by another one on earth.

Long rows of mansions then began to rise,
The streets appear'd in straight extended lines;
The social fires sent smoke towards the skies,
Curling o'er tops, o'er tops of sycamores and pines.

Commerce began to move before the gales,
The freighted vessels grac'd the rolling stream;
The people saw with joy the passing sails,
For in these days they had not thought of steam.

Here people throng'd from lands and realms afar,
Of different customs, languages and creeds;
With Penn Britannia's children sought the shore,
Though first were here the Germans, Fins and Swedes.

No ranting fools in Puritanic ire,
Sought the destruction of their fellow men;
Belief and conscience left as free as air,
To all within the happy land of Penn.

With works of art now Pennsylvania shines,
But nature still invites the hand of toil;
To her fair plains, her mountains rich in mines,
Her winding rivers and prolific soil.

THE NORTHERN CANAL.

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF ITS COMPLETION.

Let Egypt and India exultingly boast,
Of structures that millions have labour'd to raise ;
And Rome with her temples now crumbling to dust,
Demand for past labours a tribute of praise.

The empires dissolv'd in the ocean of time,
And those now where tyrants their subjects enthrall,
Never offer'd the world, with their projects sublime,
A work that can vie with the Northern Canal.

This work has been finish'd ; the cannons' loud roar,
From lakes to the sea spread the news of delight ;
The work has been finish'd, the labour is o'er,
And Erie's and Hudson's pure waters unite.

This work has been finish'd old Neptune declares,
And welcomes the produce from far in the west ;
Which now his vast ocean triumphantly bears
To every clime on its tremulous breast.

Diana's dark region of forest and shade,
Are yielding to Ceres, Apollo, and Pan ;
And where the wild beasts of the wilderness stray'd,
Fair cities are forming for civiliz'd man.

The fruits of industry shall yield to the gales,
Beyond Lake Superior's furthestmost isle ;
And Huron and Erie be shadow'd with sails,
And hamlets and villages joyously smile.

When earth's present people in quiet shall rest,
Or mingle their ashes with those of their sires ;
Their children will culture the plains of the west,
Where tribes of rude Indians now kindle their fires.

Oh Clinton 'twas thine, mid the strife of thy foes,
By virtue directed and genius thy guide,
To rise o'er the sordid ambition of those
Who follow'd the dictates of envy and pride.

Generations to come will be proud of thy name,
When calumny dies with its factious cabal ;
And millions will view as one mark of thy fame,
This channel of commerce the Northern Canal.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

Sound the loud anthem with accents of glory,
Winds waft to heaven the soul-cheering lay;
Clouds disappear, for the beams of Aurora,
Smile forth again upon Freedom's birth-day.
Union of States like a bright constellation,
Risen through carnage, commotion and tears;
Valour and virtue, our country's salvation,
Dwell in the hearts of our brave *Volunteers*.

They guard our happy land,
They equal rights defend,
They lead the nation to glory and fame.
They wave the banners round,
They raise the martial sound,
They fill the land with a joyous acclaim.

Hail to the nation's triumphant defender,
Jackson we hail as the first in our choice;
He made Britannia's proud forces surrender,
He made our camps and our councils rejoice.

Liberty's temple that heroes have founded,
Pride of the nation in splendour appears;
Noble the structure, by millions surrounded,
Guarded secure by our brave *Volunteers*.
Should dire oppression reign,
They'll break the galling chain,
They in defence of their birth-rights will rise.
They throw their bullets well,
They'll make their ballots tell,
Where solid worth and integrity lies,

Nations of earth are with envy beholding,
Freedom's last empire, that lies in the west;
All our resources are daily unfolding,
All our wide regions abundantly blest.
When first was kindled a war's dire commotion;—
Cities in flames and our mothers in tears;
Lightnings were hurl'd o'er the land and the ocean,
Armies subdued by the brave *Volunteers*.
They struck the fatal blow,
They laid the Britons low,
On fields their children now culture in peace,
Where a prolific soil,
Yield the reward of toil,
Fairest of fruits and abundant increase.

Heroes departed from heaven's pavilions,
Look on the land they have left with delight;
Here an asylum is offer'd to millions,
Who leave the realms of oppression and night.
Long as the sun spreads around us his splendour;
Long as a wave on the ocean appears;
Valour be freedom's triumphant defender,
Tyrants kept down by the brave *Volunteers*.
Now let the thrilling strain,
Cheer ev'ry hill and plain,
While the bright banners so splendidly fly,
Let festive torrents flow,
Joy cheer the face of woe,
Grateful hosannas ascend to the sky.

TO FANCY.

What ideal pleasures thy visions impart !
What bright glowing pictures thy pencils portray !
When blissful delusions enrapture the heart
With charms of enchantment, romantic and gay.

On thy airy pinions the muses may fly,
O'er eternity's tide, and the current of time,
Or follow the comets that sail thro' the sky,
Or visit the system of planets sublime.

Conducted by fancy what pleasure to soar,
Triumphant o'er care and adversity's gloom,
And fields with celestial productions explore,
Or muse in the mouldering caves of the moon.

Where anthems are heard in the regions of bliss,
Thy frolicsome fairies may wander around,
Or dive to the ocean's unfathom'd abyss,
Where trophies of Neptune profusely abound.

Through earth's wide dominions the Fancy can rove,
And dwell on the charms of the mountains and vales;
Where scenes are enchanted with lustre and love,
And harmony's accents are borne on the gales.

THE TORNADO.

Ere the rising shades of night,
Hide the sun's declining ray ;
Clouds in wild portentous flight,
Darken all the face of day.

As the winds of vengeance rise,
Waves in dire commotions dash ;
Thunders shake the earth and skies,
And the vivid lightnings flash.

Liquid mountains raise their heads,
By the rude Tornado driv'n ;
Ocean through the welkin spreads,
Foaming round the skirts of Heav'n.

As the waves ascend the sky,
In their wild resistless pow'r ;
The sea monsters shudd'ring lie,
In the gloomy coral bow'r.

Seamen lose at once their hopes,
And as lurid lightnings glare,
Seize upon the trembling ropes,
With the grasp of wild despair.

Men are hurried to their graves,
Havoc rides upon the land ;
While the sea's avenging waves,
Hurl the ships upon the strand.

From the magazines on high,
Borne upon the angry gale ;
Through the air the torrents fly,—
Floods of rain and balls of hail.

Trees are drifted round afar,
Towns in shatter'd fragments hurl'd,
O'er the mountains, through the air,
Clashing 'gainst a shudd'ring world.

O ye gods ! who rule the storm,
Stop its desolating rage,
Give the sea its usual form,
And the elements assuage.

Let the hostile clouds retire,
And the warring winds subside ;—
Let the zephyrs mild and fair,
Rise the undulating tide.

AN ADDRESS,

FOR THE OPENING OF A NEW THEATRE.

Lo ! here we meet ! and with delight behold
A splendid edifice, but lately rear'd ;
To be devoted to dramatic lore.
Here works of art display their charms around ;
The scenery is drest in richest hues,
And brightest prospects open to the stage.
This night, this night, the carnival begins ;
Hence flow the streams of intellectual joy.
The boxes, pit, and galleries are fill'd
With welcome visitants, to whom we bow.

Columbia's rising genius, rob'd in light,
Devoted oft to politics and war,
Now sees her empire blest with peace, and crown'd
With honour, glory, liberty and power.
And where her valiant navy ploughs the deep ;
Or where her star-bespangled banners wave,
Her sons are recognised as bold and free ;
Their country able to avenge their wrongs.
While thus in tranquil majesty she dwells,
Dispensing justice from her laurel'd throne,

She bids the muses, sound the magic lyre,
And turns her eye to where the Graces meet,
Then hail! all hail! the welcome drama, hail!

Theatric glory long has grac'd the brow
Of old Britannia, circled by the sea,
On which her thousand floating bulwarks ride,
Rich in the fruits of science, arts and lore,
From age to age, she celebrates the deeds
Of her departed sons of fame; and from
The stage, proclaims their virtues to the world.
Thus may Columbia through succeeding years
Rehearse the glory of her early days.
And in her drama, sound with just applause
The val'rous deeds of her immortal sons,
Who pour'd profusely on the battle field,
Their gen'rous blood. And in the noble cause
Of Independence, purchas'd with their lives
Those sacred blessings, which we now enjoy.

Dark superstition, in ferocious ire,
Has, with despotic hand, in ages past,
Rul'd o'er the empire of the human mind,
And circumscrib'd the sphere of social joys.
But like Aurora's radiant beams of day,
Science and truth, now spread their light around.
And those who view with astronomic gaze,
Stupendous worlds revolving round the sun,

Or trace the comets through creation's void,
Or guide the fi'ry thunderbolts of heav'n,
May contemplate the works of nature's God,
And worship him, as reason points the way,
Without the fear of prison, chains, or death,
From persecution's desolating rage;
And now, where'er the light of Science glows,
Or mental liberty her empire holds,
Virtue may claim the drama as her friend.

What scenes of wonder, nature's hand has wrought
Within our country's wide and happy climes:
The thund'ring cataracts and inland seas,
The tow'ring mountains, and luxuriant plains,
The shady forests, and savannas fair,
The glowing landscapes, and the darksome glens,
May grace the canvass, and diffuse a charm
Of artificial grandeur, round the stage;
Where thronging multitudes, express by smiles
The soul enliv'ning joy of comic plays,
Or drop the tender tear at tragic scenes.
Then Shakespear's spirit from the stage above,
Through the ethereal curtains of the sky,
May view with approbation and applause,
A splendid drama on our happy shore.

'Those rising cities of the western world,
Where peace and plenty, spread their joys around,

Will see with pride dramatic genius rise
To add new honours to our country's name.
And this metropolis which foremost stands
In magnitude, in elegance and wealth;
In arts and literature, may justly claim
Pre-eminence of talents in dramatic lore.

Instructive drama, what displays are thine!
Taste and refinement own thy potent sway;
Virtue is seen adorn'd with brightest hues,
And Vice appears in dark detested shades,
When by thy skilful, mimic hand portray'd:
Be thine the province to enrich the mind,
To catch the fleeting manners of the day,
And hold the mirror of departed times,
To brighten melancholy's sullen brow
And pass the cup of social joys around,
To melt the icy fetters of the soul
Of grov'ling av'rice, and with hum'rous glee,
Make long-fac'd superstition lend a smile.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.

How oft has genius with celestial glow,
Burst through the clouds of indigence and woe.
Though want bore heavy on his mortal frame,
Great Homer's genius, like the solar flame,
O'er earth's wide realms its beaming lustre flung,
As wars of ancient kings he proudly sung.
The fruits of Virgil's fertile fancy cheers,
Ages that rise beyond departed years ;
Though want and indigence his body chill'd,
His soul with warm poetic raptures thrill'd.
With what bright charms did Dryden's fancy blaze,
Through the wide range of meditation's maze ;
Though rich in thought which cast a lucid glow,
His life was crown'd with care, with want and woe.
Though Otway liv'd neglected and unknown,
From his dark' shades poetic flow'rs are drawn.
While Milton's mortal view was wrapp'd in night,
His flaming fancy trac'd the worlds of light ;
Resplendent genius warmed his mental pow'rs,
And in the fields of fiction strew'd its flow'rs.
Poor Spencer's muse bore adverse fortune's gales,
To entertain us with its fairy tales.

When bright effulgence glow'd from Goldsmith's
mind,
To warm the heart, and gratify mankind;
Perplexity and care his frame impair'd,
But time shall cherish what his genius rear'd.
Oft has the muse of pity sought the shade
Where poor neglected Chatterton was laid.
That orb from whence poetic lustres flow,
Soon sunk beneath the horizon of woe.
Columbus, too, with mighty genius blest,
Who led mankind to regions in the west;
He who first crost th' Atlantic and survey'd,
A blooming world of wilderness and shade,
For wond'rous deeds on ocean's wild domains,
Found his reward but prison, grief, and chains.

Though genius led her sons through want and care,
For them does fame triumphant honours bear;
Her sister gratitude for them appears,
To float their mem'ry o'er a tide of years.
For them, through time, they make their joyous flight,
And o'er their ashes wave their wings of light.

THE OCEAN.

How awful and grand is the liquid expanse,
When a tempest rides over the deep;
Or when the rude billows have ended a dance,
And are calm'd to a tremulous sleep.

While ridges of water successively roar,
And the salt surf is thrown to the sky;
On a rock in the sea, near an iron-bound shore,
I see the big waves rolling by.

The evening has follow'd the splendour of day,
With an atmosphere pure and serene;
The clouds with the twilight are passing away,
And the moonlight illumines the scene.

The noise of the notes of the sea-fowl I hear,
Gently borne on the sea-breeze's sigh;
And sound of the surges that break on the shore,
Where rocks all their fury defy.

The monsters that dwell in the ocean's dark beds,
And sleep mid the coral trees' gloom;
From the sea-forests wander and raise up their heads,
And bask in the light of the moon.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

While war and oppression in nations afar,
Obscure the political sky,
Ye sons of Columbia your glory declare,
And rejoice on the Fourth of July.

When armies from Europe invaded our shore,
And blood-flowing rivers ran high;
The heroes of Freedom broke tyranny's pow'r,
And triumph'd the Fourth of July.

While Britons for conquest exulting so loud,
Their equals in glory deny;
Let them with their army and navy so proud,
Remember the Fourth of July.

May those who would favour a despotic pow'r,
Through plans and deceptions so sly,
From the temple of Liberty quickly retire,
Nor be seen on the Fourth of July.

May those who are tired of the blessings of peace,
To far distant shores swiftly fly;
There let them conduct in what manner they please,
While we triumph the Fourth of July.

May arts ever flourish, and science remain,
And plenty our wishes supply;
Our country's defenders their glory maintain,
And be happy the Fourth of July.

May liberty's tree the fair evergreen stand,
Perfuming the earth and the sky;
The joy of the just and the pride of our land,
Shade us on the Fourth of July.

Ye American fair with your graces combin'd,
Your smiles and your beauty display;
And show to the world that you're ever inclin'd,
To rejoice on the Fourth of July.

As time's rolling char'ot moves swiftly along,
And Freedom's birth-day is near by.
Let yearly emotions influence my song,
To speak of each Fourth of July.

MISERIES OF WAR.

From the ruthless hand of war,
Waste and havoc spread around;
Fields are clad in human gore,
Mangled bodies strew the ground.

Human blood in rivers flow;
Fiery cascades rend the air;
Waste and mis'ry want and woe,
Are the dreadful fruits of war.

Smoke revolving like a flood,
Into mazy columns spread;
Cloud the trampled fields of blood;
Shade the dying and the dead.

Like the rivulets from the hills,
Gliding o'er the verdant plain;
Flow around the purple rills,
From the mangl'd heaps of slain.

Cities rise in wreathes of fire,
Drifting ashes cloud the sky,
Injur'd multitudes expire,
O'er them heaps of ruins lie.

Orphans perishing with woe,
O'er their slaughter'd fathers stand;
As the tearful torrents flow,
Look to Heav'n, and ask a friend.

Hungry wolves do often share
Spoils of war mid tears and groans,
As the human flesh they tear
From the shatter'd broken bones.

From the horrid scenes of war,
Can immortal laurels grow?
Can bright gems from clods of gore,
Sparkle round a Christian's brow?

Yes, the choicest gems appear,
Sparkling round the laurel'd head
Of him who held his rights secure,
And with his bleeding country bled.

There are greater evils far,
Than from carnage ever fell;
What those greater evils are
Slaves, in chains, with grief can tell.

Peaceful tyrants holding pow'r,
Grim with superstitious zeal,
Dread more the awful curse of war,
Than those who their oppression feel.

THE TEAR.

Leaving the haunts of worldly care,
And wand'ring near a mountain;
I saw Marilda pensive there,
Aside a chrystal fountain.

Her pallid visage seem'd to show,
That grief dwelt in her bosom;
And like the spring's untimely snow,
Impair'd a lovely blossom.

Her heart had been oppress'd with woes,
Rock'd by misfortune's billow;
She there retir'd to seek repose,
Beneath a weeping willow.

The sun then sinking down to rest,
Upon her faintly glimmer'd;
Cool zephyrs fann'd her throbbing breast,
As through the trees they murmur'd.

But soon a tear, a precious gem,
Bespoke her heart's emotion ;
It fell upon a limpid stream,
Which bore it to the ocean.

Then quick a briny foaming wave,
A distance far convey'd it,
To sparkle where the tempests rave,
And shine as love had made it.

And there perhaps her swain so dear,
Now feels some sad emotion ;
And kindly drops a tender tear,
Upon the boundless ocean.

And as the tears together join,
Upon the raging billow ;
Though worn with grief she seem'd divine,
Beneath the weeping willow.

MUSIC.

How oft has music soften'd human woes,
And caused to flow the sympathetic tear;
How often charm'd rude passions to repose,
With thrilling sounds, meliffluent and clear.

When moon and stars their lucid smiles display,
And all is calm beneath the evening shade;
What joy to listen to the magic lay,
The social concert, or the serenade.

Come child of genius, lend thy power awhile,
And ev'ry tender sympathy excite;
With thy smooth numbers, all my cares beguile,
And fill my soul with visions of delight.

Cold is the heart that never felt the thrills
Of music's soft but animating strains;
But hearts there are which superstition chills,
And parsimony holds in icy chains.

PAINTING.

Daughter of genius, what displays are thine,
What pleasing wonders have thy pencils wrought;
Departed scenes with those the dust enshrine,
Before our view in living forms are brought.

When winter o'er the land his mantle flings,
And shrouds in gloom the landscape from our view;
Thy magic pow'r the smiles of summer brings,
Or shows the spring with soft and rosy hue.

Taste and refinement where the graces move,
Are thy dear handmaids, and with gen'rous care,
Display thy works:—the tragic scenes of love,
Of glory, art, and nature, as they are.

TO MY FLUTE.

While tempests, tornadoes, and earthquakes and war,
The bliss of the nations dispute ;
And dangers roll round me, I'll smoke my segar,
Then carelessly play on *my Flute*.

When war-breathing bugles are heard in our land,
What musical mind can be mute ;
Were I in old Orpheus' magical band,
My notes should proceed from *my Flute*.

As I look all around me, or take a survey,
Full many I cannot well suit ;
I return to myself as regardless as they,
And give all my love to *my Flute*.

While cynics and zealots, and madmen unite,
And dictates of reason dispute ;
I heed not their folly, but cherish delight,
Produc'd by the sound of *my Flute*.

As writing and study my senses oft tire,
And friends are but treach'rous or mute ;
My writings would flame in a funeral pyre,
Were I never consol'd by *my Flute*.

DELUSIONS OF HOPE.

Thou kind Enchantress who relieves the breast,
From cares oppressive, and corroding woe;
Who calms the raging passions all to rest,
And throws a smile around misfortune's brow.

Welcome to me deceiver as thou art,
A lonely wand'rer all thy charms may own;
When dire adversity distubs the heart,
And fancy'd pleasures dwell in thee alone.

From thy delusive power, O! let me borrow
Some dreams of bliss, depicted bright and gay,
That through the fancy'd pleasures of to-morrow,
I'll feel not half the burdens of to-day.

O thou Deceiver with thy fairy smiles,
Come and relieve the care-encumber'd breast;
Come scatter flow'rs o'er life's perplexing wilds,
For life without thee is a dreary waste.

ON THE FALL OF A LEAF.

Within a lonely glade,
Where lofty trees abound,
I sought the silent shade,
To cast a view around.

When lo ! a leaf once fair,
Fell from the lofty spray,
Descended through the air,
Then on the ground it lay.

Thus like the faded leaf,
Man falls from fairest bloom,
Through sickness, pain, and grief,
And drops beneath the tomb.

When at ambition's call,
The angry passions rise,
Think of the leaves that fall,
And all your pomp despise.

BANKS OF HUDSON.

Ye hills! ye rocks, and cedar bow'rs!
Where Hudson winds its limpid stream,
Where lovers spend their blissful hours,
And musing bards court fancy's dreams

There oft beneath the airy grove,
On broken banks I've spent the day;
Where all was kindness, joy, and love,
In scenes of nature wild and gay.

Almira, blooming fresh and fair,
Whose cheeks display'd the richest hue,
I first beheld with rapture there,
And caught her eye of Heav'nly blue.

Her social home between the hills,
Beneath the trees of fairest green;
Mid shining pools and sparkling rills,
Enrich'd with rural charms was seen.

It seem'd the seat of tranquil joy,
Where pure domestic comforts meet;
Where clouds of grief would ne'er destroy
The flow'rs that grac'd the calm retreat.

But soon the maid of fairest bloom,
Whose smiles the face of woe could cheer,
The hand of death laid in the tomb,
Regardless of affection's tear.

On turf that shrouds her mortal form,
Beneath a drooping willow laid;
Young blushing flow'rets there are born,
Sweet emblems of the lovely maid.

But as I trace the road of time,
The charms of nature still remain;
The Hudson prospects yet sublime,
Where golden dreams have yielded pain.

LOVE'S LAMENTATION.

How tender and dear,
The bright warm tear,
Like a twinkling star on the Heav'ns' fair face.
The grief-clouded eyes,
And the heart-breathing sighs,
Give Julia Ann's emotions a soft, sad grace.

I heard her complain,
In a mournful strain,
That her absent Alphonso she ne'er should see :
How on a far coast,
His dear life was lost,
His body thrown into the deep salt sea.

She pray'd that the God,
Who rules with a nod,
The tempest and tide, and who calms each wave,
Would bury her swain,
In the shell-cover'd plain,
And raise coral bow'rs around his grave.

“What is life to me,
And the world's light glee,
Or the landscapes drest in the spring's fair bloom;”
Deep sighing, she said,
Since her mind was led,
In sorrow to dwell on a watery tomb.

But dried were her tears,
And calm'd were her fears,
When she heard that her lover would soon return.
The news of his death,
A miscreant's breath,
To poison and blast all her hopes had born.

The kind cheering gales,
That fill'd all the sails,
Soon wafted Alphonso safe to the land:
Delighted she flies,
With joy-beaming eyes,
And meets his embraces upon the strand.

THE SERENADE.

The moon like a dutiful daughter of day,
Shone fair on the bosom of night;
And clouds from the heavens were passing away,
To yield a calm hour of delight.

Retir'd from the day's dreary turmoils and care,
In peace on my couch I reclin'd;
When strains of soft harmony broke thro' the air,
And call'd forth my pleasures of mind.

It seem'd like a concert of angels above,
So thrilling, enchanting, and clear;
Inspiring the soul with devotion and love,
And starting the tremulous tear.

O! who could repose in a moment like this,
Of melody's sweet melting strains,
Which give to the senses a foretaste of bliss,
That Heaven's bright region contains.

Mellifluous notes on the night breezes roll,
And feelings of rapture impart;
Those tones which unlock all the springs of the soul,
And vibrate the chords of the heart.

In earth's early days when creation was young,
Round Eden's cool fountains and shades,
To cheer our first parents, soft anthems were sung,
And seraphims held serenades.

BATTLE OF ORLEANS.

When Britain's proud legions invaded our shore,
For valour and conquest exulting so high;
The heavens were rent with their cannon's loud roar,
And war's flaming torches illumin'd the sky.

Columbia's fair genius with eagle-cy'd gaze,
The contest beheld from her evergreen throne,
Saw blood-cover'd plains and our cities' bright blaze,
And call'd to the contest her favourite son.

Then JACKSON, who long both in council and war,
Had labour'd with wisdom, with prudence, and zeal;
For the good of his country, her glory and pow'r,
Repair'd to the field with his vet'rans of steel.

Britannia's loud thunders awaken'd the land,
Bellona rode swiftly around in her car;
As the boasted invincible, conquering band,
Exultingly gain'd Mississippi's fair shore.

The rocket's bright glare hail'd the dawn of the day,
Of which in a sorrowful strain they must tell,
When their choicest battalions so valiant and gay,
Before the American yeomanry fell.

For met by the valorous sons of the west,
They found that their boasting and threats were in vain;
A tempest of lead put their leaders to rest,
And cover'd the ground with the heaps of the slain.

The Britons beheld with affright and despair,
Our ensigns in triumph so splendidly wave:
The sun shone like blood, thro' the thick smoke of war,
But honour's bright haloes encircled the brave.

And now let a thrill of warm gratitude rise,
While joyously sounding the accents of praise,
Our songs shall proclaim to the earth and the skies,
The contest was ended in glory's bright blaze.

Our banners that wave o'er old Neptune's domain,
Protect, uninsulted, our subjects who roam,
In blessings their forefathers died to obtain,
To rights on the ocean, a country and home.

Let joyous emotions now cheer ev'ry soul,
And freedom's pure incense to Heaven ascend;
For ne'er will we yield to a foreign control,
While earth yields support to the children of men.

ODE TO GREECE.

Greece, oh ! Greece, once rich in fame,
Land renown'd for classic lore ;
Nations venerate thy name,
For thy deeds in days of yore.

When the people of the earth,
Grop'd in ignorance and night,
Thou didst give to science birth,—
Science on thee shed her light.

Long has the barbarian hand,
O'er thee held oppression's rod ;
Strike ! then strike the savage band !
Save thy country—honour God.

Heroes of illustr'ous sires,
Bravely fighting to be free ;
Wave your banners, light your fires,
Raise the songs of liberty.

Scio's blood for vengeance cries,
Souls of martyrs throng the sky ;
Missolonghi's ashes rise,
Tell how bravely Greeks can die.

Let your proud invaders find,
As your thunders rend the air;
Dauntless souls together join'd,
Ev'ry tent a lion's lair.

From beyond the ocean's flood,
From where Freedom proudly reigns,
In thy cause will freemen's blood,
Flow profusely on thy plains.

Though in death thy children sleep,
Though thy daughters torn away,
Doom'd in servitude to weep,
Thou, oh Greece! wilt yet be free.

See the Crescent on the wane,
Mecca's flag shall yet be furl'd;
Savage tyrants cease to reign,
Despots from their thrones be hurl'd.

EMPIRE OF PEACE.

In what blest region of this earthly ball,
Does Peace securely hold her blissful sway;
Where animated beings great and small,
Dread not the monsters lurking for their prey.

Not in the air where vultures thirst for blood,
And screaming ravens load their beaks with gore;
Nor where rapacious tyrants cleave the flood,
To crush their prey beneath the ocean's roar.

Not in the cities' throng can peace be found,
Where wealth o'er crime its gilded mantle throws
Nor in the waste of woods where panthers bound,
And howling wolves break solitude's repose.

Not where Religion lifts her splendid fanes,
Where pride and pomp display the silvery glare;
For there the great, the humbler soul disdains,
And reason vainly pleads for mercy there.

Peace holds her Empire in sepulchral gloom,
Where rest the millions, once so proud of life;
Unconscious of the tears that wet the tomb,
Alike unconscious of our idle strife.

The hand of death directs the pilgrim's way,
And from th' oppress removes his heavy load;
But fills the vicious heart with dire dismay,
And scatters thorns along the tyrant's road.

Upon those tongues now dipp'd in slander's gall,
The loathsome reptiles of the earth shall feed,
And on those lips, whence purest accents fall,
Shall nauseous insects in profusion breed.

Yet there's an Empire of repose below
The earth's green surface, where no tempests roar;
Where countless numbers rest, releas'd from woe,
Who breathe their sighs and shed their tears no more.

FANATICISM.

Detested monster with malignant ire,
Who fills the world with misery and woe,
What guiltless victims to thy rage expire!
What streams of tears and blood around thee flow!

Man's dearest right to liberty and laws,
Are lost where'er thy hungry harpies meet;
Hell's fiercest demon's labour in thy cause,
And foes to reason bow before thy feet.

What toils and treasures to avert thy arm,
The thoughtless millions have with pleasure giv'n,
And robb'd fair virtue of her richest charm,
To gain thy smiles and promises of Heav'n.

From others' grief thy greatest joys arise,
Around thy throne no social comforts smile;
The scenes of woe delight thy bloated eyes,
Where justice stoops to tyrants base and vile.

Thy breath displays the frost of wild despair,
To blight the flow'rs of life's unclouded morn;
And spreads a wintry gloom of sadness there,
With prospects dreary, and with hopes forlorn.

Fair science trembles at thy wanton sway,
Thy wolves and vultures all her works deface;
Thy tender mercies cruelties display,
And not one thrill of sympathy embrace.

Look round the world, and ponder o'er each deed
Of infamy, that springs from anti-christian zeal;
The best of men are often caused to bleed,
And wisest men dare not their thoughts reveal.

But thanks to God, who rules our happy shore,
Here oft the monster's head dejected hangs;
Our charter'd rights unfetter'd by its pow'r,
Withholds the deadly poison from its fangs.

But in Columbia's highly favour'd land,
The pointed darts of calumny are hurl'd,
With studied aim, from *orthodoxy's* hand,
Against th' enquiring children of the world.

To free the sacred fields from noxious weeds,
What means does pious pomp and pride employ:
The warring spirits, to enforce their creeds,
The fairest flow'rs and choicest plants destroy.

A CAMP MEETING.

As folly bids her trumpets loudly sound,
And superstition spreads her influence round ;
Thousands at once the sounding calls obey,
And to the sylvan shades direct their way.
From their own homes to a sequestered grove,
The mighty crowds in mighty numbers rove ;
The thronging multitudes the forest gain,
And with their vocal thunders shake the plain.
Loud jarring tumults shake the limpid air,
And fill the soul with wildness and despair.

When all conven'd beneath the leafy bower,
To offer homage to a sovereign Power ;
A Power to whom our homage should be found
To flow from thoughts most solemn and profound ;
Wild frantic zeal its raging flames impart,
To fire the senses and disturb the heart.
In sad dismay spectators stand aghast,
While scenes of wonder agitate the breast.
With clapping hands, with shouts and rending cries,
The pious saints fall down and view the skies.
From morn to eve, from eve to morn the sound
Spreads through the camp, and echoes far around.

The feather'd tribes of such dire noise afraid,
On swiftest pinions seek a calmer shade.
The owls and nightingales forbear to sing,
While mingling accents through the vallies ring.
At such a tumult see the angry steed
His bridle break and prance away with speed.
The hissing snakes quick to their dens repair,
And cringe with horror and foreboding fear.
The wild quadrupeds leave their bowers of ease,
And seek asylums in the hollow trees.
The croaking toads their anthems cease to sound,
While in the camp a thousand strains resound.
The snails and beetles speed their march along,
Nor dare look back on the distracted throng.
What dreadful tumults through the camp resound !
What pious souls lie prostrate on the ground !
The valiant speakers, mounted high in air,
Like rods of steel attract electric fire ;
As from the head converging fires combined,
Burst with explosion, and distract the mind ;
The gaping crowd, struck with foreboding fear,
Turn social bliss to horrors wild and drear.
From frantic mouths terrific bolts are thrown,
Which pierce the hearts of those to sense unknown.
Around the standard of fanatic zeal,
Full many stagger, and full many reel ;
While many stretch themselves upon the ground,
And in the dirt regardless roll around.

Yes many a fool expresses what he feels,
With downward shoulders and uplifted heels !
Young ladies too whom nature form'd for love,
Like furies rave and jump about the grove.

Crowds after crowds in swagg'ring marches come,
And seem inspired with brandy, gin, or rum.
The love-sick maid here fondly meets her swain,
And Cupid throw his arrows o'er the plain ;
The am'rous bosom feels the pointed dart,
And breathes emotions from the wounded heart.
Here friends are happy that they meet once more,
And laugh at what they've never seen before.
Here honest Jack beholds his brother tar,
And tells what sports abound in lands afar.
The female cruiser here spreads out her sails,
And lifts her silken streamers to the gales ;
With looks and smiles she does the most she can,
To gain attention, and to capture man.

The strange manœuvres, with uncommon sway,
Almost make rocks with crimson blushes say,
They are amazed, astonish'd and confused,
Alarm'd, distress, insulted and abused.
Discordant yells fly swiftly through the air,
And seem much like the savage whoops of war;
The lofty trees, oft waved by zephyr's gales,
Appear dejected while the camp prevails.

Short lived insects in thick crowds retire,
Far from this tumult, and this sacred war,
Save the mosquitoes, who in war's array,
In throngs of millions dreadful scenes display.
They feast on cheeks where smiles and kisses flow,
Nor heed the tears of bigotry and woe.
Through the pale night the battle's sounding bray,
Within the grove, spreads wonder and dismay.
But darker gloom succeeds the moon's pale beams,
And throws its mantle o'er th' unhallow'd scenes;
Where many wearied by much toil and care,
In bundling crowds to canvass tents repair.
There pious swains extend their circling arms,
And press with joy those nymphs with mortal charms.
Then tranquil sleep calms ev'ry wakeful care,
And pain and trouble have no entrance there.
Save what wild wond'rous visions do impart,
With dreadful dreams to terrify the heart,
On fancy's wing, the senses oft explore
The dreadful scenes, rehearst the day before.
Swifter than comets sailing through the sky,
Imagination's airy visions fly
To yawning gulfs, where fiends and devils join
To wage rude war with fanatics divine;
Swift from the flames red sparkling fires are hurl'd,
By Satan's hand, to scourge a stubborn world.
Thick sheets of fire, from the infernal realm,

With unrelenting fury overwhelm
All those except the pious, faultless band,
Who spread their terror through the astonish'd land.
Though fiery bolts rend rocks and rive the trees,
Each pious hero laughs at what he sees;
On him alone the shafts are hurl'd in vain,
From the infernal shades where demons reign.

In strong array proud hypocrites divine
And shouting zealots in alliance join,
And raise such thunders, with assuming air,
That Satan's host is struck with sullen fear;
And Satan too, tired of the war's alarms,
Bids his proud veterans lay down their arms.
His warring bands from the dread fight retire,
And safety find in sulph'rous caves of fire.
Now as fair laurels grace the conqu'rors' brow,
And all subdued within the world below,
Romantic dreams inspire the mind to rise
To higher mansions in the distant skies;
From whence loud anthems cheer each list'ning world,
And former troubles to oblivion hurl'd.
From earth's Camp-meetings thousand speed their way
Through the fair morning of eternal day,
To golden gates, on airy nothing hung,
Which quickly open to receive a throng

Of those who through thick storms and gloomy night,
Subdued their foes and put them all to flight.
As they progress the crowded streets of air,
Where no toll bridges and no turnpikes are,
They cast a look on earth where once they stood,
And slander'd there who morally are good.
But from those scenes, where fancied joys abound,
They 'wake, and find themselves upon the ground,
Within their tents, adorn'd with leaves and straw,
Where noxious weeds and fruitless briars grow.
While from the camp shrill screeches rend the air,
Like noise of cats when fighting in despair.

The shouting zealots feel some dreadful shocks,
And deals contagion from Pandora's box.
Hot fevers rage; the cheeks red as the rose;
The pulse beats high; the purple fluid flows
Irregularly through each swelling vein,
And wild delirium acts upon the brain,
Till life suspended gives the suff'ers rest,
And calms the dire emotions of the breast.
But when the kindling spark of life returns,
Glory is felt; the soul enraptured burns
With heavenly fire; the eyes forbear to weep,
For sorrow, pain and sin, are lost in sleep.

Some altercations agitate the crowd,
And swell to quarrels, angry, fierce and loud,

Till warring saints with poles and cudgels join
To chastise those who say such works are vain.
The pious watchmen show their dreadful power,
And wield their weapons at the midnight hour.
At once bold fists and cudgels swiftly fly,
In spite of tears or heart-distressing sigh.
Till vict'ry crowns the pious watchman's brow,
And songs of triumph high exulting flow ;
Then pious dames, their feelings to declare,
Strong ribbons break and wave their caps in air.

To the great altar, fenced with crooked poles,
None must approach but pure converted souls.
No man must enter where the ladies are,
Unless 'tis he who joins in shouts and prayer ;
For fear the coquette will her smiles impart,
To raise his passions and seduce his heart.

On all the confines of the camp of Mars,
Those who are wearied with the holy wars
Can gain refreshments from the sutler's hand,
And feast on all the products of the land.
Around the mingling scenes of joy and woe
Whiskey and rum in lucid torrents flow.
Meat, fruits and bread on num'rous boards appear,
Mid cider pools and foaming floods of beer.
But Bacchus spreads his magic powers around,
And throws his faithful subjects on the ground.

In circling grandeur round the noisy crowd,
Tents after tents, promiscuously are strew'd ;
In front of these are seen their smoking fires,
Behind them waggons, baggage and their stores.
From distant lands and distant climes appear
The good, the bad, the ugly and the fair.
The aged sire joins in the vocal sound,
And bids the son spread shouts of glory round.
The pious matron bids the blooming maid
Support their virtue while beneath the shade.
But ah ! perhaps too many of them feel
More wanton amours than religious zeal.
What pleasure, joy and ecstasy have those
Who in the camp feel neither care nor woes ;
Who cheer'd with love, with rapture and delight,
Sing all the day, and kiss away the night.
What balmy kisses on sweet lips are hung !
What tales of love flow from the pious tongue !
But should I all those wond'rous scenes rehearse,
The muse of mirth no more would aid my verse.

Would time forbear to wheel her rapid flight,
I'd tell more truths with rapture and delight ;
But as much care hangs heavy on my time,
I fail to tell of many scenes sublime.
Though after days and nights had roll'd along,
And weariness had seized the toiling throng,

They tumbled down their splendid canvass domes,
And soon expect to hail their happy homes.
As they forsake where sylvan beauty reigns,
The mud-gilt waggons thunder o'er the plains;
And bear those zealots, in tremendous loads,
To their own dwellings and their fond abodes.

Now milder notes spread through th' astonish'd grove,
From warblers chaunting mutual strains of love.
On ground polluted by unhallow'd deeds,
The rabbit plays and the opossum feeds.
The glitt'ring insects sport in ev'ry breeze,
And wand'ring screech-owls gain the hollow trees,
There dwell in safety and in rapture sing,
And feel the joys evacuations bring.
The feather'd tribes relate from their own bower,
What things are done by superstition's power.
Such wond'rous things were never known before,
Since the rude savage tribes were on our shore,
And in their revels raised most hideous noise,
And hail'd the jug of rum with heart-felt joys.
But one at least amongst an Indian crew,
Forbears to drink while all the rest pursue
The odious pleasure drunkenness can yield;
He guides their sports; each weapon in its shield
From them secures; and he withholds the hand
That might do mischief to the frantic band.

But in this camp from superstition's bowl,
Strong draughts were urged on ev'ry thirstless soul,
And all of those who dare refuse to drink,
Were headlong hurl'd down hell's sulphureous brink.

Now as the scatter'd throngs their homes regain,
They sing of glory on the shaded plain,
With fondest joy the pious heroes tell,
How many triumph'd, and how many fell ;
How Heaven assisted all the warlike train,
With health and vigour in the great campaign,
Of four long days and nights, mid dust and toil,
Where perspiration wet the thirsty soil ;
Where ev'ry frantic sword was drawn t' oppose,
In dreadful conflict, all their unseen foes.
But through the grove, now tranquil joys remain,
And here I put a period to my strain.

THE UNGRATEFUL MONARCH.

There is a King of potent reign,
Whose empire o'er our States extends ;
Who lets his enemies complain,
But slays his most devoted friends.

All those who court the tyrant's ire,
And revel round his burning throne,
Feel life consuming by his fire,
And with the gout and palsy groan.

I've seen him kindle strife and rage
Among his Bacchanalian train ;
And then the rioting assuage,
By driving reason from the brain.

I've seen him change the florid glow
Of life, to visage wild and pale ;
And heard young orphans, plung'd in woe,
O'er his fallen victims wail.

The choicest products of our fields.
The juice of cane from Southern climes,
Maintain his power ;—the grape too yields
To him an instrument of crimes.

And do you wish to know the name
Of him before whom millions fall,
Cover'd with infamy and shame?
'Tis the great tyrant—ALCOHOL.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE NEWS CARRIER.

To you my kind patrons and friends, I appear,
With a POETIC SCRAP, to present to your view ;
Which takes a light glance of the just ended year,
And pictures the prospects that smile on the new.

But few the events to be courted in story,
Or things to be class'd with the great or sublime,
Will be found on the records of national glory,
In the year that's just dropp'd in the ocean of time.

Though the angel of mercy, from Heaven descended,
Has partially silenc'd the tumults of war,
Yet peace and oppression are mutually blended,
For kings support kings in the nations afar.

In Turkey the torches of war are still blazing,
And slaughter and carnage encrimson the plains ;
The Greeks by their valour their bulwarks are raising,
With bones of the tyrants who held them in chains.

In Southern Columbia vast empires are founded,
Where freedom and peace shall unitedly reign,
And men with the bounties of Heaven surrounded,
Spurn the shackles and crimes of degenerate Spain.

What wonders are there in the works of creation !
Presenting the pow'r of the Almighty's hand ;
The Andes' white summits of great elevation,
O'er the thunder-clouds' rage appear awful and grand.

On the ocean our stars and our stripes are respected,
O'er the empire of Neptune our eagle may rove ;
Our seamen, who visit all climes, are protected
By the flag *they* protect—by the country they love.

Our wide-spreading region now let us survey,
And see how improvements begin to increase ;
Our cities and hamlets are glitt'ring and gay,
Our country is blest with abundance and peace.

Agriculture displays the rich growth of the soil,
Manufactures and commerce their treasures unfold,
That all may partake of the fruits of their toil,
Worth more to a nation than mountains of gold.

Internal improvements already begun,
New channels of enterprise offer to view ;
Canals from the lakes to the rivers will run,
And millions of people their courses pursue.

May our country be blest with the bounties of Heav'n
And angels of peace guard the land and the sea ;
Our journey of life we have found so uneven,
Be smooth for the future, delightful and free.

May the light of American literature shine
Unobstructed by traitors, or foreign control.
And virtue and piety, treasures divine,
Improve ev'ry heart and exalt ev'ry soul.

May the Fair of our land with their beauty and graces,
With rosy cheek'd health feel a flow of delight ;
And loves fond emotions from Hymen's embraces,
Make scenes of this life appear lovely and bright.

So now, worthy patrons, I bid you adieu !
I presented you this with my heart's warmest cheer ;
Tho' I leave you awhile, and my travels pursue,
I wish you a prosp'rous and *happy new year*.

SYMMES' THEORY

OF THE HOLLOWNESS OF THE EARTH.

In modern days when genius soars so high,
Exploring Heav'n's bright fields in giddy flight;
Symmes takes another course, and points the way,
Through polar op'nings, to old Pluto's realm:
And tells what concave lands and seas abound
Within the globe, on which we mortals dwell.
'That there the sun sends forth his genial rays,
That there another Flora decks the fields;
Another Ceres scatters fruits around,
To be enjoyed by animals and men.

It may be so that earth is but a shell,
That men upon its inner surface live
In social comfort, and like us partake
Of Heav'n's best gift, the pure, the vital air.
Although our holy men demurely say,
That downward lie the caverns dark and drear,
Where those who doubt their dogmas soon must go,
To dwell for ever in sulphureous gloom,

And swim upon a boist'rous sea of fire,
And groan and grieve beneath eternal wrath.

Should the bold travell'rs eye no hell explore,
But find a subterraneous world with fields,
Which lend their fragrance to the breath of spring;
And waving groves which yield their summer shade,
And hills and vales that winter decks with snow;
Then must vindictive superstition rise,
To other regions of some other orb,
And there locate a place of endless woe.

Mysterious things there are in nature's works,
Which baffle man's research, but which invite
The philosophic mind to bold conjecture,
As to the cause of what we often see.
Why does the needle point towards the poles?
Through the long wintry nights o'er arctic lands,
From whence that radiance* streaming through the
sky,—
Reflecting grandeur round the ice-bound earth?

When first 'twas said this earth was but a sphere,
Revolving yearly round the source of day,
And daily on its axis turning round;

* Aurora Borealis.

Denouncing ignorance with pious sneers,
Held it as blasphemy what then was said
In truth, of nature's just harmonious laws.

When Galileo's telescopic gaze,
Saw worlds that man had never seen before,
The hand of superstition soon prepar'd
For him a dungeon, and debar'd his view
From those celestial orbs that round us roll.
Genius has found in prejudice a foe
To her sublime research, in ev'ry age.
Then let our theorist be fully heard,
Till we can prove his doctrine is absurd.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

STANZAS WRITTEN FOR THE PUPILS OF A SCHOOL IN PHILADELPHIA, ON THEIR EXCURSION INTO THE COUNTRY TO GATHER FLOWERS.

Aurora smiles
Through shady wilds.
The morning bright and fair,
And Flora breathes,
From shrubs and trees,
Her fragrance in the air.

The gems of dew
Are held to view,
On ev'ry smiling flow'r;
And cheerful lay,
From leafy spray.
Enchants the rural bow'r.

The snow is lost,
And chilling frost,
No longer now prevails;
The streams unbound,
Spread gladness round,
And ships display their sails.

The landscape shines,
Where Schuylkill winds,
And youthful crowds so gay,
From school released,
With joy increased,
Salute the passing day.

Now dance and sing,
For lovely Spring,
Displays her blooming train;
And girls and boys
Make prattling noise,
As they her tributes gain.

Ye sportive throng,
To you belong
Light joys unmixed with woe;
While garlands bloom,
With rich perfume,
And choicest incense flow.

All regal crowns
Shall meet our frowns,
To them we ne'er can bow;
But crowns of flow'rs,
From our own bow'rs,
May grace the youthful brow.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

As glowing lustre from the source of day,
Is lost as evening's spreading shade appears;
So is the glow of life's meridian day,
Soon lost amidst the wintry waste of years.

But like the sun, when spreading fairest rays,
To clear the skies of dark and cheerless gloom;
A virt'ous life when led in wisdom's ways,
May cast a smile of glory round the tomb.

Then let the days of youth with virtue shine,
Let Education raise the mental pow'rs;
That days well spent may cheer our life's decline,
And beam benignly on our latest hours.

THE DREAM.

Wearied with earth's unnumbered cares I lay,
Musing upon the destinies of man,
Till Morpheus prest his fingers on my eyes,
And sleep stole o'er me like a summer cloud,
And shut the light of reason from my mind.
But still I rode on mem'ry's broken car,
Where'er imagination chanc'd to guide.
I first was led to scenes of early life,
Mid hills and rocks, and vales and gliding streams.
Then on the icy surface of a pool,
With skates bound to my feet, I cours'd around,
As in my youthful days I oft had done,
Ambitious to excel the sportive throng;
Till the smooth crust gave way, and down I went.
I then the fancy'd death of drowning felt;
But still I saw the fishes round me play,
And slimy eels like serpents to me clung.
Beneath the ice a sluggish current bore
Me, gently, to the outlet of the pool.
Then an impet'ous torrent forced me on,
O'er cragg'd rocks, until I reach'd the sea.
As on the ocean's bottom then I roam'd,
I saw the waving verdure of the deep,

Saw coral groves and forests round me rise,
As through the wat'ry world I made my way,
O'er mazy streets, pav'd with the shining pearls.
All forms of shell-fish lay upon the ground :
I saw the finny monsters chase their prey,
And oft the sharks with open jaws appear'd
Ready to seize me in voracious ire.
But still I wander'd through the liquid waste.
Above I saw the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
Gliding majestic through the rolling waves.
A gloomy darkness next began to spread ;
The heaving ocean spoke a dreadful storm,
And by the billows was I thrown around,
Until an angry surge against a cliff,
That rear'd its rocky summit to the sky,
Threw me aloft : As broke the mountain wave,
I rose amid the spray, and reach'd the moon.
Then through the lunar fields I made my way,
Travers'd the seas, and saw unnumber'd isles,
Survey'd her side that earth had never seen.
I then ascended to a mountain's brow,
And as I stood upon the dizzy height,
A dread volcano bursting from below,
Launch'd me again into the sea of space,
Through which I travell'd till I reached the sun.
And there stupendous wonders caught my view,
Landscapes that glitter'd in eternal day,
And hills and dales with fadeless verdure clad,

Spread round their charms, and fill'd my soul with joy.
Beings unlike to mortals here below,
But more exalted, walk'd the solar plains.
Planets that owe allegiance to the sun,
I saw afar in the cerulean waste;
They mov'd around, but shown as twinkling gems.
And the mysterious comets swiftly sail'd,
In awful grandeur, round the source of day.
When in their near approaches to the sun,
Myriads of beings rais'd their loud huzzas,
The sounds of salutation echo'd round,
Till the receding worlds were distant far.

But while my fancy visited the sun,
The sun to me his usual visit made,
With cheering beams. For in the blaze of day
My slumbers broke—I found it was a dream.

THE RAINBOW.

As the show'r is passing from us,
See the splendid bow of promise
Rich in ev'ry brilliant hue,
Purple, orange, red and blue ;
As these colours join together,
Shine the token of fair weather.
Rain and sunbeams now combining,
Form the arch with splendour shining,
Whence the bright prismatic dyes,
Are reflected to the eyes.
Who but loves to view the pow'r
Of nature in the summer show'r,
When the forked lightnings fly,
And the thunders shake the sky ;
As the dark'ning cloud retires,
And the angry blast expires ;
Then the milder zephyr brings,
Cool refreshment on its wings.

THE KISS.

Can warmer emotions of rapture be giv'n
To man, from the mutable sources of bliss;
To lend for a moment a foretaste of Heav'n,
Than that which proceeds from an innocent kiss,
When sweeten'd with love.

Could one choose for himself any kind of delight,
That would please him for ever, his choice might be
this—
To feel pure affection by day and by night,
And ever be cheer'd by the joys of a kiss.
Proceeding from love.

The heart that is fill'd with purest desires,
And lingers with hope on an angel-like miss,
Finds icicles mingled with Venus' fires,
When meeting a frown in obtaining a kiss
From one that he loves.

ON LEAVING NEW YORK

FOR THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

Thou pride of our land I now bid thee adieu,
And o'er thy fair haven depart;
Thy charms will remain ever fresh to my view,
Thy children be dear to my heart.

Emotions of sorrow encumber my breast,
I breathe out my heart's dearest sighs,
As I take the last look of thy smoke clouded crest,
Where thy spires point into the skies.

Whenever in regions remote I shall stray,
Recollection will bring to my mind,
The days I have spent on the verge of the sea,
And the objects I now leave behind.

ENIGMA.

T race the mysterious wonders of the world,
H old up to view the finest works of art,
E xtend research ; you'll not my equal find.

A source of light and intellectual joy,
L o ! here on earth to bless mankind I dwell.
P lac'd oft upon white ground, in black I stand :
H igh are my pow'rs, tho' devils with me deal.
A long time have I serv'd the human kind.
B y me when used aright, much good is done ;
E xalting man, and guiding him to Heav'n ;
T hough oft I kindle rancour, pride, and strife.

ANOTHER.

My form is quite noble, my conduct is good,
When trav'ling I'm eating and drinking ;
My drink is all water, I feed upon wood,
A stranger to feeling and thinking.

THE VICTIM OF ADVERSITY.

Remote in a rural, romantic retreat,
Resolv'd on retirement and rest ;
Contentment set bounds for a while to my feet,
And calm'd all the cares of my breast.

A bank overshadowed with branches of trees,
Which shone in a crystalline flood,
Afforded a scene for retirement and ease,
And offer'd a tranquil abode.

A mansion though rudely constructed, appear'd
With peace and simplicity blest ;
Enliven'd the scene, the lone valley cheer'd,
And seem'd the asylum of rest.

In soft charms of grief faded beauty array'd,
A maid sat beneath the green bow'rs,
Which offer'd a shelter and also a shade,
Bespangled with wild blooming flow'rs.

Her voice was so sweet, so enchanting her smiles,
Her eyes beam'd such heavenly fire,
I felt the emotions of love for a while,
Enkindle the purest desire.

We talk'd of the wide-spreading plains of the west,
The mountains, the lakes and the streams ;
'Till sleep unexpectedly sunk me to rest,
And fancy enliven'd my dreams.

But when I awoke from a tranquil repose,
Serene were the moments that flew ;
By feasting on dreams I'd forgotten my woes,
And fancied each fiction was true.

I listen'd to hear this Enchantress relate,
Some things that sunk deep in my breast ;
And wish'd her to tell me what merciless fate,
Had thrown her remote in the west.

In sorrowful accents she quickly reply'd,
" In silent seclusion I find,
Beyond the dominions of splendour and pride,
Relief and solace to my mind.

" My father remov'd from the banks of the Seine,
When Jacobin fury was high ;
And found a retreat in the bosom of Spain,
Nor thought his destruction was nigh.

“Till fiends of infernal delusion combin’d,
To clothe their religion in blood :—
In bigoted fury destroy’d human kind,
And said ’twas to glorify God.

“My father, alas ! fell a prey to their rage,
In prison he breath’d his last breath ;
Borne down with distress in the noon-tide of age,
To repose on the pillow of death.

“We left the religious assassins of Spain,
And sail’d for the sea-circled Isles,
In the western expanse of the tremulous main,
Where summer eternally smiles.

“We landed on Hayti ; there fix’d our abode,
Attended with plenty and peace :—
Remote from war’s clangour, from carnage and blood,
Our comforts began to increase.

“But all our fair prospects of bliss were o’erclouded,
A merciless banditti rose ;
My morning of life was then suddenly shrouded,
In horror’s dark mantle of woes.

“We left our dear Island ’midst carnage and blood,
Which spread like the tornado’s roar :
Winds wafted us over the waves of the flood,
To towns on the continent’s shore.

"The face of Columbia we fondly explor'd,
And saw many mansions of bliss ;
But nothing we found was design'd to afford
For us a retreat from distress.

"From Maine to Missouri, from thence to this land,
Where breathes the warm tropical gale,
We travell'd to see the wide regions expand,
Until we arriv'd in this vale,

"Where wild blooming blossoms spread round me their
charms,
And minstrels enliven the bow'rs ;
But here recollection rekindles alarms,
And preys on my lone pensive hours.

"Near where the Ohio rolls forth its fair flood,
We stopt at request of my mother ;
But merciless savages thirsting for blood,
Took, tortur'd, and murder'd my brother."

Having spoke thus, a tear from her heart's sad emotion,
Meander'd and fell on her breast ;
Her eyes, tho' as bright as the pearl of the ocean,
Proclaim'd she was deeply distrest.

Be consol'd, nor let sorrow encumber thy heart,
I said to this Angelic fair;
For anguish and sorrow their flame may impart,
And kindle your grief to despair.

When carnage encrimsons the earth's fairest shore,
Depriving the people of breath;
And vultures and wolves reap the harvest of war,
Think not you're alone in distress.

Tho' desolate orphans may sigh to the winds,
That wafted the groans of their sires;
Believe that a merciful Heav'n designs
Some future reward for their pray'rs.

When furious tempests tear up the wide ocean,
When whirlwinds and hurricanes rise,
When elements rage in tumult'ous commotion,
Think God is as good as he's wise.

VISION OF LOVE.

In rosy bow'rs, and fair sequester'd vales,
Evastus oft his tales of love had told;
And fair Jacintha oft invok'd the gales
To breathe his welcome, and her mind unfold.
Both felt emotions tender, warm, and pure.
Nor thought their earthly bliss was insecure.

Till base detraction of a female tongue,
Was spread around with more envenom'd breath,
And sweet Jacintha, blooming, fair, and young,
Evastus left; she sought the arms of death.
Her whom he long had wish'd to make his bride,
He sought no more; her heart soon broke—she died.

Truth came too late his mind to reconcile;
But truth reveal'd, increas'd his love and ire;
He curs'd the sland'rous wretch so base and vile,
Who fill'd his breast with quenchless flames of fire.
Jacintha's name dwelt on his mournful tongue;
He oft in tears her plaintive requiem sung.

Where the Potomac's limpid waters flow,
And mountain cedars shade the rocky steep;
And branching elms o'er-arch the stream below,
He oft repair'd in solitude to weep;
For sighs and tears assuage the storms of grief,
With gloomy joys, and give the heart relief.

One sultry day, when wearied and oppress'd,
Evastus sought the cool, secluded shade,
Consoling slumbers calm'd his troubl'd breast,
And fancy'd joys his real griefs allay'd,
A glowing vision led his soul away.
Through boundless regions of eternal day.

From earthly scenes on wings of joy he flew,
Free from attraction of the orbs that roll'd,
And reach'd the fields that open'd to his view,
Where other suns diffuse their rays of gold:
There met Jacintha with a blissful train,
When love's warm passion feast their souls again.

Celestial walks, adorn'd with heavenly flow'rs,
Guided their steps to fountains and to shades,
Where dewy fragrance wet the embrosial bow'rs,
And threw enchantment round their promenades.
No lying spirits strove to break their love,
For all is peace and harmony above.

Sweet was their converse of eternal things,
Evastus thought not of departed tears;
Unnumber'd angels, born on glitt'ring wings,
Sent thrilling sounds to his delighted ears,
His eyes beheld with joy each glowing scene,
He saw savannas wave immortal green.

"In those blest regions, ever bright and pure,"
Jacintha said, "thou must not long remain;
Why didst thou listen to that syren's lure?
And fill my heart with misery and pain;
Go to the earth, your mortal form renew,
Then die for me as I have died for you.

"Your soul divested of its mortal clay,
Will fly beyond the earth's encumbent air;
And gain these regions of celestial day,
And dwell with me in mansions bright and fair.
Our blissful union of immortal love,
Angels will chant in all the choirs above."

As thus those words Jacintha mildly said,
The scenes of glory vanished from his sight;
A sudden darkness o'er his vision spread;
Back to the earth he made his cheerless flight.
And as deep sighs his fancied pleasures broke,
To life's realities he then awoke.

Erastus rose, he pray'd for sudden death ;
Towards the Heavens he gaz'd in wild surprise,
And as he felt the tempest's angry breath,
Saw lightnings glare, and clouds obscure the skies ;
Then called on Jove to spare the mountain's crest,
And hurl his thunderbolts against his breast.

But Jove regarded not the suppliant's cry,
And threw his lurid lightnings in the air ;
The storm was spent, the angry clouds past by,
The humid rainbow shone sublime and fair ;
And as the evening came, with mind opprest,
Erastus found his home, but found no rest.

As through his passing days Jacintha's name,
In mournful accents dwelt upon his tongue.
He seem'd regardless of his mortal frame ;
Long grew his beard, his locks neglected hung ;
Till death reliev'd him from the pains of love,
And cheer'd his spirit with the joys above.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

'Tis midnight now, and all retir'd to rest,
Save those who guard the city's calm repose ;
The piercing wind is breathing from the west,
From regions wrapt in winter's frost and snows.

But hark ! methinks I hear the cry of fire !
Yes ! and the bells the awful tidings sound ;
Increasing tumults echo through the air,
From engines hurrying o'er the frozen ground.

As thousands start impatient from their beds,
See ! see ! how soon the crackling flames arise ;
Thro' night's dark gloom the redd'ning lustre spreads,
And gives an awful grandeur to the skies.

Adjacent buildings now are wrapt in flames,
The wind increasing fans the spreading blaze ;
The fire has seiz'd the roofs, the floors, the frames,
And falling timbers clouds of cinders raise.

The works of years are borne in smoke away,
Leaving their ashes level with the ground ;
Where lofty mansions stood so grand, so gay,
The crumbling walls and embers now abound.

The lab'ring engines throw the streams in air,
Upon the raging fire the waters flow ;—
From winding hose the gushing floods appear,
And check the raging element below.

The flames grow dim, the fire at length subdu'd,
The wintry clouds no more are tinged with light,
Now desolation, gloom and solitude,
Their empire hold beneath the shades of night.

THE CAVE.

Where rocks on rocks in awful grandeur tow'r,
And seem to scowl indignant o'er the stream ;
A darksome cave, beneath a shady bow'r,
Invites my mind to solitude serene.

Though night eternal in this Cave prevails,
Around those rocks reflecting beauties glow ;
Where fragrant flowers perfume the breathing gales,
And shine inverted in the waves below.

Round this dark Cave enchanted scenes appear,
Whene'er the eye is stretched in prospect wide,
Where distant hills their broken summits rear,
And with their shadows streak the gleaming tide.

Must I, alas ! forsake those sylvan bow'rs,
Where round the rocks the spreading limbs are twin'd,
In distant lands to waste my pensive hours,
And view those wonders only in my mind.

Could I from all the cares of life retire,
And yonder cottage be my last abode;
From thence to this lone cavern oft repair,
To muse in silence o'er the Ohio's flood:

Ambition then should never haunt my breast,
Nor make me restless with her wild alarms;
But as the evening calms the world to rest,
All cares should yield submissive to those charms.

When far from this lone cave my feet shall roam,
And other scenes before my view appear;—
Serenely musing in poetic gloom,
Imagination oft will lead me here.

WESTERN SOLITUDE.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT THE MOUTH OF THE OHIO RIVER.

From the shore where the waves of the Atlantic ocean
Roll rudely beneath the soft sea breezes' sigh,
To the wilds of the west where floods are in motion,
I've wander'd o'er mountains majestic and high.

But here are no mountains romantic and airy,
Nor grove-crested hills to o'erlook the wide plains;
And the swamps all around me seem dismal and dreary,
And dark gloomy Solitude silently reigns.

In a land wrapt in shade since the dawn of creation,
Where forests o'ershadow Columbia's wide breast;
Remote from the scenes that excite animation,
I mingle my notes with the gales of the west.

While I roam the lone shore which the dry trees encumber,
Where grape-vines and briars and green rushes grow,
My friends in yon vessel unconsciously slumber,
Where glides the Ohio, smooth, limpid and slow.

But yonder's a cottage surrounded with willows,
The emigrant's cabin of unpolish'd joy;
There cool zephyrs glide from the fresh water billows,
And those who are humble no cares can annoy.

Then let me be humble, nor ask for the glory
That title and grandeur to tyrants impart;
But feel some delight as I breathe out my story,
In fancy's effusions which flow from the heart.

As the beams of the sun, which is slowly descending,
Still linger with smiles on the regions above,
Recollection retraces the bliss once extending
Through youth's bright delusion of friendship and love.

But to yonder margin I quickly shall wander,
To see the rude torrents tumultuously flow;
O'er the deep Mississippi awhile let me ponder,
O'er waters which glide from white mountains of snow.

Like eternity's current of time swiftly rolling,
The stream of this monarch of rivers appears,
With the objects upon its rough surface unfolding,
Like men passing off in a torrent of years.

Dark waters here roll from majestic Missouri,
Cold tears that are shed from the regions of snow,
Like the tides of adversity mingling with sorrow,
To plunge all our joys in the ocean of woe.

But let not my mind be disturb'd with emotion,
I'll traverse the streams to the Mexican shore,
And there may the winds that glide over the ocean,
Conduct me to happier regions once more.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN A REMOTE PART OF LOUISIANA.

Ye wide spreading plains most enchantingly fair,
Ever gay and bespangled with flow'rs;
Are all that I here can find pleasing or dear,
Save the wild blooming thickets and bow'rs.

Unsocial, and boorish, and rustic and rude,
Are the people who dwell in this land;
With no fond desire for improvement endow'd,
Nor wish that the mind should expand.

As through this lone region I pensively stray,
But transient my joy, or my home;
Like the wild warbling bird as it flies from the spray,
Through other wide regions to roam.

But Hope the enchantress spreads round me her smiles,
Which bright in futurity glow;
She pictures an Eden in wastes and in wilds.
And calms the emotions of woe.

With fanciful visions enlivens my breast,
My poetic reveries cheer ;
As I roam o'er the gay rosy plains of the west,
Or wood-lands dark, dismal and drear.

But soon may I fix my abode in some place,
From the wilderness regions afar ;
In social enjoyment my days then I'll pass
On life's rolling ocean of care.

Then ever farewell to the wide spreading plains,
Savannas and forests and streams,
Where no lofty structures nor art lifted fanes,
Enliven the halcyon scenes.

RURAL RETIREMENT.

Ye tranquil scenes where nature smiles,
In weaving groves and leafy bow'rs;
How oft in your sequester'd wilds,
I've spent with joy my pensive hours.

How blest is he whose mind at ease,
In rural scenes receives delight;
And finds that life has charms to please,
In morning walks, and dreams at night.

What fond delight to wander through
The dewy fragrance of the morn;
Where nature holds her charms to view.
In orchards, groves and fields of corn.

Within the meadows fresh and fair,
Within the clover-fields so gay;—
Along the brooks that glitter there,
I love to pass my hours away.

To set beneath the cooling shade,
No books about me I desire ;
I read on nature's verdant page,
When from the city I retire.

And who but feels his bosom glow,
With zeal, devotion, joy and love ;—
In reading nature here below,
The mind is rais'd to things above.

How blest the farmer at his toil ;
Peace and abundance round him spread ;
He guides the plough,—inverts the soil,
That his own fields may yield him bread.

And when from labour he retires,
No splendid poverty annoys ;
As joyous round the social fires,
He sees his prattling girls and boys.

How vain are all the cities charms,
Where fashion throws around her lure
To what we find upon the farms ;—
The smiles of nature fresh and pure.

Love, peace and friendship when combin'd,
Can give the soul an Heavenly rest,
And elevate the human mind,
And cheer the care corroded breast.

Oh ! could I live in tranquil bliss,
From noise and tumults far retire ;
In rural scenes find happiness,
While warm'd with meditation's fire.

THE SAILING PARTY.

The vessel throng'd with social friends,
Now cleaves the liquid plain ;
And Heav'n its cheering breezes lends,
To waft us to the main.

The shores we pass are drest in green ;
How rich are nature's charms !
The azure sky adorns the scene,
No clouds excite alarms.

Then pass around the cup of joy,
And throw all cares away ;
Let jocund mirth our time employ,
On this delightful day.

As onward we our course pursue,
We leave the land behind ;
On ev'ry side a shoreless view
We now begin to find.

The bright resplendent orb of day,
Far in the west has roll'd ;
The restless billows of the sea,
Reflect his beams of gold.

A calm now o'er the deep prevails,
The dolphins round us play ;
No wind to fill the drooping sails,
Nor drive dull cares away.

But lo ! beneath the western skies,
The gathering clouds appear ;
See, see, the angry storm arise,
The distant thunders hear.

The sun is hid behind the clouds,
Again we feel the gales ;
We hear them murmur through the shrouds,
Again they fill the sails.

The lurid lightnings round us glare,
The rain begins to pour ;
The spray is drifted through the air,
The thunders loudly roar.

Now joy is turn'd to chilling fear,
All wear a palid hue ;
And sad and gloomy all appear,
Except the vessel's crew.

The angry storm is passing by,
With terrors truly grand ;
And yonder beacon blazing high,
Invites us to the land.

There let us pass the night away,
In light romantic dreams
Of mermaids waltzing on the sea,
Within the moon's pale beams.

Of Syren's voices sweet and clear,
That soft enchantments spread ;
By which the ocean's pilgrims near,
Are on the breakers led.

Of Tritons, who, with sounding shells,
Give music to the deep ;
And bind the waves in magic spells,
To let old Neptune sleep.

TYRANNY OF WEALTH.

Lo! yon proud fool, with cares of wealth opprest,
With ceaseless labours to increase his store;
His dreams of loss disturb his nightly rest,
With ev'ry sigh he breathes a prayer for more.
A prayer for what the wise do oft deplore,
For mental joys are strangers to the soul
Of him whose God is form'd from shining ore;
Whose heart yields not to sympathy's control,
But dwells with stupid pride, where'er his treasures roll.

Wealth, with its potent arm, with tyrant sway,
Bears down the feeble with its magic pow'rs;
Triumphant vice, pursues its fearless way,
With those who riches gain in golden show'rs;
Who in licentious revels spend their hours,
And oft oppression's fruits around display,
In mansions, gardens, and their blooming bowers;
They see no charms in nature rich and gay,
For languid, sickly cares a sullen gloom portray.

Happy are those with competence and peace,
Whose honest labours give them health and joy;
Who see domestic comforts still increase,
As they the means of doing good employ,
And feel no vain desires of wealth annoy;
For virtuous minds a sweet contentment share;
Foreboding ills cannot their bliss destroy;
Death the consoling sister of despair,
They view without alarm, because their ways are fair.

VIEW FROM THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN.

On the top of a vast and stupendous pile,
Where heaven's pure breezes delightfully blow,
On a rock, let me rest from fatigue for a while,
And cast round my view o'er the landscapes below.

A prospect unrival'd before me now shines,
Groves, hills, fields and valleys their beauties display,
Near which the fair Hudson majestic'ly winds,
Reflecting with lustre the bright orb of day.

Its bosom now grac'd by the white swelling sails,
Wafting commerce and wealth o'er the chrystalline
stream ;
And palace-like vessels regardless of gales,
Are drove thro' the tide by the impulse of steam.

As the eye travels east it may rest on a scene,
Where nature's vast monuments rise to the view ;
For there the *white mountains* and those we call *green*,
Through distance are veil'd in a mantle of *blue*.

The num'rous projections that rise in the west,
Appear like the waves that the ocean displays,
When the mist of the morning hangs light o'er its breast,
Reflecting but faintly the sun's cheering rays.

But here on those heights where Aurora first smiles,
Soft music and mirth now enliven the soul;
Refinements and social delights cheer the wilds,
In regions beneath which the thunder-clouds roll.

FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS

NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

What richer prospects can this earth afford,
Than here is offered to delight the eye.
From this high summit where the basin stands,
The groves, the hills, the vales, the sloping lawns,
The fountains, pools, and cataracts appear.
Meand'ring Schuylkill rolls its glitt'ring stream;
And on its bosom num'rous vessels move.
Bridges whose arches o'er the river stride,
Give grace and grandeur to the scene below :
While Beck's high tower,* where flows the melted lead,
Rising in simple majesty appears.
Up the smooth stream the eye delighted roves,
Along the shady banks with verdure clad.
There bowers of Pratt around his mansion bloom,
Diffusing sweets and rich botanic charms.

Eastward a splendid city meets the view,
The eye can rest on turrets, domes, and spires,
Or roam where art has heighten'd nature's charms

* Shot tower on the banks of Schuylkill.

In mazy walks of Smith and M'Arann,†
Where shrubs and plants invite the social throng.
More to the north a prison's gloomy walls,
Display the lofty battlements and towers.
A Chinese temple, rising high in air,
Unlike all other structures in our land,
With pendent bells, and most fantastic form,
O'erlooks the scene ;—gives grandeur to the view.
Round this Pagoda thousands show their zeal,
And pour libations to the god of wine.
The weary pilgrim, as he worships here,
From liquid spirits inspiration feels.

A flight of stairs now favours our descent,
And down the rugged precipice we go.
Now see the pondrous wheels revolving round,
To force the water up the rocky steep.
See fountains throw in air the misty tide,
And the bright Iris form'd with liquid gems.
See the Canal along the other shore,
Where jolly boatmen blow their sounding horns.
See foaming waters falling o'er the dam,
Which charm the ear with an incessant roar.
Here social throngs both day and night appear,
And music, beauty, love, enrich the scene.

† The celebrated gardens of Smith and M'Arann.

FUTURE PROSPECTS

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Hail happy States! where peace and plenty reign;
Where plains prolific spread around their smiles;
Where mountains rise; where winding rivers roll;
Where lakes and seas the spreading sails display;
Blest be those climes! the bond of union blest.

What glowing prospects burst upon the mind,
As fancy flies beyond some future years;
And travels o'er our country's wide domains!
Stupendous works of art adorn the land;
Vast cities smile where now they're scarcely known.
The lakes and seas connected by canals,
On ev'ry wave float wealth and treasures round;
And groves of masts adorn the peopl'd shores.
Those western tracts of wilderness and shade,
Are seen no more; no savage haunts are found,
But cities, towns and hamlets grace the land,
And gardens, orchards, fields and meadows glow
In rural charms. Where forests now abound,
From quarries unexplor'd shall structures rise,
And halls and crowded porticoes be seen,
With columns sculptured by the hand of art.

On those rude mounds, the works of ancient years,
Rais'd and constructed by barbarian hands,
Shall fanes appear ! and sacred altars throng'd,
With pious suppliants. And music flow,
In chiming anthems from the house of God.

On all those rivers of the western world,
Which nought but Indians' fragile barks have borne,
Shall vessels of majestic form and size,
Pass up and down ; and scatter through the land
The choicest products of remoter climes.
Then shall Columbia spread her glory round
Each distant land, where'er her children roam,
And all the states and kingdoms of the earth,
With envious eyes, shall see and own her pow'r.
Her ships of war will thunder o'er the main,
And proudly wave her starry banners round
Old Neptune's foaming realms ; and show afar,
What vast resources lie within those states,
Where Freedom reigns ; where now from nature's hand,
Rich bounties flow, and Heaven benignly breathes,
Unnumber'd blessings on the Western world.

What proud advances does our land display,
The gloomy wilds yield to the hand of toil,
And equal rights the breasts of men inspire,
With warm devotion to their country's cause.

TIME.

Say, what is time? of which in mournful strains,
Poets have sung, and with a secret awe,
Some people mention as a dreadful thing;—
A great destroyer, with corroding hands;
And dust of ancient cities on his wings,
Crumbling the proudest monuments of art,
And spreading death through nature's boundless range.
Ask the bright orbs that travel through the sky,
They mark his progress, and his flight sustain;
And witness bear, that time no more destroys,
Than it creates, for nature still the same,
In ev'ry age, shows her prolific pow'r.

We only know eternity by time,
And time we know by consciousness of things
That move, and act within the mortal view.
Earth's choicest products, through the lapse of years
Resolve to dust, to water, and to air;
From these again new forms of life arise,
And scatter beauties on the stream of time.

When years more num'rous than the blades of grass,
On all the fertile regions of the earth.
With countless nations shall have pass'd away,
Time will be measur'd by revolving orbs,
And matter with vitality appear.
Young animated forms will still arise,
To fill the places of departed things;
For nothing can restrain creative pow'r,
Nor tire with labour the Eternal hand,

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 4, eighth line, for *feel*, read *feels*.

35, space between 9th and 10th lines, should be
between 10th and 11th.

63, last line but one, for *yet*, read *ye*.

70, last line of fourth stanza, for *o'er tops o'er tops*,
read *o'er tops*.

146, for *Evastus* read *Erastus*.

OCT -5 1945

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 373 1